*The Blessing of Aphrodite* By The Martian

Laura was miserable. She was sick of her life. She was 23, had her own apartment which she was paying off, a decent job which kept her fed, and her health. But it wasn't enough. Those were the basics on which a life was built, not a life in themselves. Her youth was to be enjoyed, her home for entertaining, her salary to be used for fun and her health allowed her to do it all. What was missing were the important things: fun, friends and hopefully at some point, a relationship with a caring man. Laura lacked all of these and she knew the reason why. She was invisible. She wasn't beautiful, pretty, or even cute. She didn't have a figure to speak of, she was just average. Fat or thin, tall or short, pretty or even hideously ugly, anything would be better than being invisible. At 5' tall with a plain face and an almost totally flat chest, Laura's appearance was below average in almost every respect, but never to such an extent that she might stand out. People in the street regularly walked into her without apologising and she had to shout or wave her arms to get anyone's attention. When she finally did force someone to take notice of her, it was heartbreaking. Men were simply disinterested in her, but the woman all seemed to go through a peculiar little ritual. They would look her up and down, mentally compare her looks to their own and, upon discovering their superiority, a sly little smile would slide onto their faces. Having decided she was beneath them, they would speak condescendingly to her as if she were a nuisance taking up their valuable time. Laura was sick of it. She was a human being and no less deserving of respect than anyone else, though she got little enough.

The only person who seemed to see her as a person was Tom. Tom worked at the same company as Laura and she saw him every day. He was in IT, whereas she was just the mailroom girl, but every time she delivered a letter to him or just walked past his desk on her rounds, he said 'hello' to her. To most people this wouldn't be much, but the fact that someone noticed her without her having to yell, scream and dance around to get their attention meant the world to Laura. Soon, he had drawn her out of her shell and she was talking to him like an old friend. Every day when she delivered the morning and afternoon mail she stopped for a chat with Tom. Luckily, his desk was the last on her route so no one complained if she didn't return immediately to the mailroom. She guessed that was the one benefit of being invisible: no one cared enough to report your activities. Tom was one of the company's trouble-shooters, so as long as nothing was actively going wrong at that moment, he always had time to talk. Sometimes, Laura wished they could be more than they were to each other, but was too scared to broach the subject. Tom was her only friend and she didn't want to lose him, or even risk making their relationship awkward, because then she would be alone again. His smile and a few quick words at the end of her rounds were the highlights of her day. He was the reason she had stuck with this job in the mailroom, despite being a fully trained and qualified secretary. She had applied for a secretarial position within the company a couple of times, but had been knocked back. Nevertheless, she had a good enough job and she had made a friend, but she still felt unfulfilled.

The wind blew Laura's short drab brown hair about her face as she climbed the stairs from the subway station on her way to work. She tucked the thin locks behind her ear and shielded her face from the gusts with a hand. Eyes on the ground, she caught sight of a strange movement in the corner of her eye. It was jerky and intermittent and it grabbed her attention. Turning into the gale, she kept her hand up and moved towards it. A little way down an empty alleyway between two apartment blocks she found a dumpster with a flapping piece of paper beside it partially covered by some trash. About to turn away, Laura felt that something was a little strange. She moved in for a closer look. Actually, it wasn't paper at all, it was heavy, crackly and yellow. She dug it out from under a discarded jacket and a broken umbrella. It was a scroll! Complete with polished wooden rollers and remarkably clean considering its situation, she held it up to the light. It was open a few inches and she could see some strange text on the parchment. At first, she couldn't make it out, but then it seemed to swim before her eyes until she could understand the language.

*'The Blessing of Beauteous Aphrodite upon her Disciple'*

*Herein lies a record of the tale of the first Disciple of Aphrodite.*

*All of womankind did Beauteous Aphrodite consider her daughters and well did she love them,*

*But many were they who looked down on their fellow women should they be of lesser beauty.*

*Sore wroth was Lovely Aphrodite at this treatment of her children and decided she to remedy it.*

*Found she a group of the worst offenders and brought she to them a girl, plain of face and form*

*'Hearken then ye cruel tormentors' said she 'This one I bring to ye is my true Disciple'*

*'Treat her well and with respect and ye shall be rewarded.'*

*'Mock and deride her as ye have done and ye shall feel my fury.'*

*Then did Glorious Aphrodite depart and left she her Disciple behind*

Laura realised with a start that she still didn't recognise the words themselves. Instead, as her eyes scanned the page, their meanings seemed to come to her mind unbidden.

*For a time, all was peaceful, but soon were the women's colors revealed.*

*Mocked they the girl and held themselves high above her, for greater was their beauty*

*Soon though did Beauteous Aphrodite's prediction come to pass*

*With each passing day did the mockers beauty dwindle and their allure decrease*

*The form of the Disciple though, that unremarkable girl, did grow in seductive glory*

*Repentant were the women and great was their sorrow*

*But Righteous Aphrodite's vengeance abated not until her disciple surpassed them in every way.*

*Thus did Glorious Aphrodite make her divine will known to womankind:*

*'Respect your sisters as ye would me. Mock not, or face my wrath.'*

*"Held, it was, from that day that should ever womankind turn against each other, then would Righteous Aphrodite choose a Disciple and make her anger known."*

Laura read the final lines under her breath as she stared at the scroll in wonder. Somehow she could read the strange writing, but even putting that aside, this was not a story she knew. She'd seen programs about Greek mythology on TV, but none had ever mentioned anything like this. Still, she liked the sound of it, it was nice to think there was a higher power looking down and righting wrongs. Even though it wasn't hers, Laura couldn't bear to leave the lovely old scroll back by the dumpster, so she tucked it into her bag and headed off to work.

The company Laura worked for, Dynamic Microsystems, operated out of a huge skyscraper in the middle of the city. It had branches in dozens of other capital cities and even in a few foreign countries, but this was its headquarters. She worked in the mailroom, which was only on the third floor, with all the other support services, since the company reserved the higher floors with the views for more important divisions. She made her way across the lobby, past security and up the stairs before slipping quietly into her tiny sorting room. Actually, Laura basically was the mailroom, all on her own. In this day and age, most business and communication was done electronically. Laura was responsible for delivering the incoming external mail to the individual recipients as well as handling any hard-copy internal memos or instructions. Mostly, the internal letters were on especially important subjects which couldn't be allowed to disappear into the depths of an overcrowded email inbox. Also, employees sent each other paper messages when they knew the recipient wasn't going to like the note, because they would have to file it anyway. Any message with the company internal mail logo which was just discarded was scrutinised heavily to make sure nobody was trying to destroy evidence of a blunder. Laura didn't really care, she was just glad she had a reasonably well-paying job. The work was easy, but the responsibility for keeping track of all the messages, any or all of which could be very important, without losing a single one, was heavy. Still, it kept her busy and paid the bills.

The morning's external mail bag was sitting inside the door when she went in, ready to be sorted. Laura went through the hundreds of letters, filing them into piles of complaints for Customer Relations to deal with, demands for payment for Accounting, job applications for Human Resources and half a dozen other types for various departments. Once she had everything sorted, she loaded it all on to her cart and set off into the corridors. Today was going to be an interesting day because the company had recently instituted a new policy regarding the mail. Employees had been losing mail when Laura delivered it to an empty desk, it just got other things put on top of it and they inevitably blamed Laura and accused her of not delivering it. She was always eventually proved innocent, but the process took a long time and by the time it was sorted, the message was usually long gone, never to be found. So from now on, every piece of mail delivered had to be signed for. Laura was no longer allowed to just leave mail on the desk if the person wasn't there and the employees could no longer ignore her when she delivered something, as they usually did. For the first time, her co-workers would be forced to acknowledge her existence and the job that she did. The first three men she delivered to looked at her a bit distractedly when she approached and grunted when she handed them the signature sheet. The fourth employee, though, was in a world of her own. She didn't look up when Laura approached, didn't move when she stopped at her desk and didn't respond when Laura told her she had a letter. Finally, Laura was forced to drop the letter on the woman's hands as she typed and wave the signature sheet between the woman's eyes and her screen to get her attention. She looked up, annoyed. She looked Laura up and down quickly, then that same, small smile Laura had come to recognise as smug superiority crossed her face and she became haughty.

"What do you think you're doing, waving that thing in my face?" she glared at Laura, who felt her face flush warmly. "I was busy with an important memo."

"I'm afraid I need you to sign for this letter though, and I have lots of others to deliver, so I can't wait too long." Laura explained hesitantly. The woman was a whole head taller than her, and she peered down at the uppity little mail girl over C cup breasts behind a tight blouse. She was much prettier than Laura, and she knew it, acting as if Laura was beneath her.

"You can't just barge in and want things all your own way." A woman in the next cubicle looked over the divider at the confrontation. She took Laura's appearance in, gave her that same superior smile and went back to her work. Laura's face felt even warmer with embarrassment.

"I-If you could just sign here, I'll be out of your way. Please?" she said desperately. The woman grabbed the pen and clipboard with a 'hrumph' and signed her name in an aggressive scrawl. Laura took it back and scurried away before the woman thought of any more ways to put her down.

The rest of her round went much the same. The men simply put up with the inconvenience of signing with disinterest, but she felt like every single one of the hundred or more women she'd approached in the past two hours had given her that smug smile and complained loudly about a nobody like her interrupting their important work. Laura's face flushed hotter with every mockery and by the time she approached Tom's desk at the end of her route she was almost in tears from the shame. She handed him his letters in silence, head down, not trusting herself to speak. She felt the weight of the envelopes disappear from her hand and heard his chair scraping backwards. Suddenly his arm was around her shoulder and he gave her a squeeze of silent support. Letting out a single, broken sob, she looked up into his face and saw a sad commiserating smile on it. He knew what she was going through and he wished there was something he could do to help. Laura knew there was nothing he could do, but she thought his long face and warm grey eyes looked particularly handsome at that moment and appreciated his support. Then she laughed. It was a weak, wan sound, but it broke the tension and Tom rubbed her back and told her not to let them get to her. Not wanting to talk about it, Laura changed the subject.

"How're things on your end Mr Fix-it?" It was her nickname for him and he grinned at it, before becoming serious again.

"I'm very popular today." He replied grimly. "Accounting want to know if we can cut the costs of the website, the old guys up in Corporate can't seem to remember any of the email passwords I give them, even the ones they come up with themselves, and Geoff from Marketing actually asked me a minute ago whether I would mind hacking into our competitor's system and stealing one of their unreleased commercials for him."

"Wow, well I guess people know you can do whatever job they give you. So you're the one they call." She gave him a small smile.

"Yeah, I guess." He scowled a little. "The problem is whether I *should* or not. I mean what Geoff wants is corporate espionage for God's sake!" He looked back at her. "Still, I don't mean to lump you with my problems as well. You've got it hard enough already."

"I just need to calm down a bit and I'll be fine." She told him with more conviction than she actually felt. He let his arm drop back to his side.

"Well alright, I'll see you on your afternoon run, I guess. Thanks for the delivery." He held up the letters. Laura smiled and started to push her cart away. "Laura?" She looked back over her shoulder.

"Hm?" she queried wordlessly.

"You look…different today. Prettier. New makeup?" Laura blushed but simply smiled again. Better to leave him guessing. She had no idea what he was talking about, but she appreciated the compliment.

When she got back to the mailroom, Laura collapsed into her chair. Her face was still hot with the humiliation she'd received. Her chat with Tom had put it out of her mind for a while, but the heat reminded her of the angry glares of her female co-workers and their superior attitudes. They were prettier than she was, they knew it, she knew it, but they couldn't help smirking at her to show they knew it hurt her and they were enjoying her pain. The warmth suffusing her face almost felt like the physical effect of their derision; unabated and finding her through the walls of her sanctuary in the mailroom. She pushed the thought aside and decided to distract herself with some work. She now had a pile of memos to sort and the second bag of external post would be here soon for her to take out on her afternoon rounds.

After an hour of sorting, Laura realised she could feel the warmth of what she had thought was shame in her face. Even though the pain was still raw in her mind, there was no way she should still be flushed hours after the event. Putting the back of one hand to her forehead, she checked her temperature. The skin wasn't any hotter than usual, but she could still feel the heat inside her, below the surface. Leaving the mailroom, Laura headed for the bathroom to find a mirror. If her face was red, she might have to see a doctor, because her temperature seemed to be playing up. Luckily, the women's was deserted; she didn't think she could face any of those haughty bitches again so soon. Half fearing to look, she peered at herself in the mirror. Tom had been right, the face that looked back at her *was* different to the one she had woken up with. She expected her little bout of crying earlier had made her face swell up or something, but that was a bit of a shaky explanation. Crying didn't usually make a girl look *better*.

*Although, I wasn't much to look at before, so maybe a bit of swelling here and there could actually be an improvement.* Laura thought to herself. Certainly, whatever the cause, her cheekbones seemed a bit higher and the swelling had definitely affected her lips, which weren't so thin anymore. She realised with a start that the girl in the mirror might actually be better looking than a few of the women who had looked down on her earlier. Smiling despite herself, Laura could only hope that whatever it was continued. Even if the swelling, or whatever, went away after today, just once she'd like to see some of the women in the office taken down a peg. There was one particular lady, Debbie, in Accounting, who was fairly plain herself, but she whenever her looks were mentioned she would always say she was thankful she wasn't as ugly as 'that troll in the mailroom.' That *really* hurt. Debbie wasn't much better looking than Laura, but she made sure the world knew about that little bit so she could fit into the group, whose favourite pastime was apparently sneering at the mail girl. Well she'd show them now, she wasn't last anymore. With a new spring in her step, Laura headed out to face the world again.

Her afternoon round of deliveries went much better than the first. The men were still disinterested, but a few actually cast a glance her way, which was a pleasant change. The warmth in her face hadn't lessened at all, but she wasn't so bothered now that she saw it as a positive thing. When she came to the desk of the haughty woman who'd given her hell that morning she cleared her throat loudly and held out a memo. Her tormentor looked up, a vicious grin at the ready, which promptly slid off her face as she did a double take. The little victory lasted only for a moment before the woman's smug expression returned as she seemed to realise that however Laura had changed, she was still ahead in the looks department. Still, Laura was content that she'd made a bit of an impact, which would probably worry the woman for the rest of the day. She got similar reactions from almost everyone she'd visited that morning. Some didn't change expression, remaining haughty, but she could tell that they'd noticed. When she came to Debbie's desk in the accounts department, Laura couldn't wait to see her face. She flicked the only letter she had for Debbie casually across the desk and waited for the older woman to look up. The accountant's lank dirty blonde hair twitched as she took a moment to ready herself. Then she flicked it aside and assumed her superior smirk for a second before her mouth fell open in shock. She looked at Laura's face, definitely prettier than just a few hours ago, then at the mail cart to make sure this really was the 'little troll,' then back at Laura to face the awful truth. Laura simply stood and smiled at her, letting the older woman take it all in. Emotions flickered across Debbie's face in a heartbeat: shock, incredulity, denial, querying, depression. She hung her head as she realised that her old tactic wouldn't work anymore; she was now officially the least attractive woman in the company. Then she raised her head again, that small smug smile once again raising the corners of her thin lips. Laura stared at her. Debbie looked down at herself, then at Laura's loose blouse, following a perfectly straight line from neck to waist, then back to her own modest B cup chest, back to Laura's non-existent breasts and smiled at the crestfallen mail girl again. Laura was forced to stand there, humiliation filling her heart and tears pricking her eyes as Debbie carefully signed her name and handed the signature sheet back with a wicked grin. As Laura walked away, She could feel the hot shameful flush spread lower and imagined she must be bright red. Even her chest felt warm. Just a little, but definitely more than normal. It could also have been her imagination, but she thought the heat in her face, which she was almost used to by now, might have lessened just the tiniest bit.

A similar scene was repeated a couple more times on her route. Most of the other women were still prettier than she was, but a very few times, as with Debbie, Laura would note that one of her co-workers realised she was now better looking than they were and a tiny portion of the heat from her face would be relocated to some other part of her body. Most of the time it was her chest as she was so obviously unendowed, but by the time she reached Tom again, her legs were also feeling a little warm and strangely, so was her hair. Laura was on a brainwave, so she didn't stay long to chat with Tom when she reached him. Her train of thought had given her hope and she wanted to confirm it. She was pleased, though, with the obvious double take Tom did when she approached, followed by his delighted grin at her improved features. She could almost feel his eyes following her as she left.

Back in the mailroom, Laura scrabbled through her bag, searching for the unusual item she'd picked up that morning. She found the old scroll right at the bottom and pulled it open quickly. Scanning the lines, her jaw dropped.

*With each passing day did the mockers beauty dwindle and their allure decrease*

*The form of the Disciple though, that unremarkable girl, did grow in seductive glory*

That had to be it! When her co-workers looked down on her, they activated this magic thing, this curse or whatever it was and unintentionally seemed to be giving her their looks. According to the scroll, the goddess couldn't stand women who mocked or insulted others and punished them by giving their beauty to a more deserving person. She'd been suspicious when the warmth she'd been feeling didn't fade away after hours. Then she'd discovered she'd mysteriously become prettier over the same length of time. The two were obviously connected, but it wasn't until her showdown with Debbie that it had become clear. When Debbie had been prettier than Laura was, she looked down on her with her superior smile and that had started the warmth in her face, just as with the first woman and all the others. But the second time, Laura had been prettier than Debbie was, so she had no reason to feel superior anymore. That is, until she realised she still had the bigger bust, at which point the warmth, which signified she was draining someone of their looks, had moved to her chest. And it was still happening. Even as she sat here, her face was still hot and her chest felt warm. So clearly she was still drawing those attributes from the arrogant women who'd sneered at her. Apparently, though, the process stopped when the woman in question recognised that Laura was now superior in that respect. The problem was with women like Debbie, who simply chose a new attribute and started mocking her all over again without learning anything.

Having finally understood what was happening to her, Laura decided another trip to the bathroom was in order. It had been almost three hours since she last checked on her appearance and, she now realised, with upwards of a hundred women blithely giving away their beauty to her all at once, she figured she must have changed at least a little bit. She checked that the room was empty before entering with her eyes closed. Standing directly in front of the large mirror, Laura slowly opened her eyes. She was greeted by a very pleasant surprise. She was cute! All her life, Laura had been plain, forgettable and below average in the looks department. Where other girls grew up with shining eyes, button noses, full lips and lashes like clock springs, Laura could have gotten away with any crime because no witness would remember her. She had been the invisible woman, free from distinguishing characteristics and totally uninteresting. Now, though she was definitely above average, with a pleasant, oval face, a straight nose and a clear complexion. Her eyes even seemed a bit bigger and her brown irises appeared to be changing into a striking hazel. Her lips actually looked feminine now, having swollen up a little from their previous flat, thin shape. All in all, she was deliriously happy. Now people would notice her, now she could be normal! Returning to the mailroom, she hummed a cheerful tune as she did her end-of-day tasks with the comforting warmth in her face telling her things would only get better.

Packing up her things, Laura left the Dynamic Microsystems building around 5:30pm, a little ahead of the rest of her co-workers. As she exited through the lobby and walked up the street, the warmth in her face and other parts of her body faded until it was totally gone. Puzzled, she walked back the way she had come and it returned, weak at first, then stronger as she got closer, finally returning to its full strength when she was back just outside the doors. Laura began walking away again, slowly this time, and felt the warmth fade as she went. Obviously the effect had a range of some sort, such that she had to be within a certain distance of a person for it to work. That gave her pause for a moment. All the other women in the company would obviously be within that range every day for the entire working week. They could lose so much in that length of time she felt sorry for them. But only for a moment. It was their own fault, she reasoned, she had no control over this at all, nor had she asked for it. All they had to do was stop being so smug and bitchy and they would stay exactly as they were. Stopped on a street corner, she felt a very slight warmth return to her chest. Looking back, she spied Debbie leaving the building, but she turned and went the other way down the street, and the warm feeling went with her. Laura measured the distance between herself and the building entrance roughly in her head. It looked like her range was about three hundred feet, which she realised was almost the height of a thirty storey building! No wonder she was still draining everyone she delivered mail to, even after she was back in the sorting room. They may have been on the upper floors, but three hundred feet was a long way. Laura was distracted from her thoughts by the appearance of another woman beside her on the corner. They stood waiting for the lights to change for a moment before Laura realised the other lady was looking at her. For once, someone had noticed her without her having to yell and scream to attract attention! Then she saw the direction of the woman's gaze. She was staring at Laura's totally flat chest. Realising she'd been caught, the woman looked Laura in the eye and unashamedly gave a derisive little laugh before throwing her shoulders back and thrusting out her own impressive rack. Laura was no good with bra sizes, given she'd never needed to wear one, but she guessed the arrogant lady had to be a D cup, possibly bigger. She hung her head and didn't make eye contact, but she was secretly pleased when the warmth started up again in her chest. Then it strengthened suddenly. Laura looked up in surprise and saw there were a few other women around who had seen the little incident and were all apparently proud that they too filled out their blouses much better than Laura ever could. So the effect wasn't limited to people who regularly made fun of her? Interesting. At last the light turned green and the group set off across the road, the proud woman leading with a purposeful stride, her large breasts bouncing lightly with each step. As luck would have it, most of them were going to the subway station along with Laura and a few even got on her train. Considering their attitudes, she was more than happy to continue taking however much of their chests were required to teach them a lesson.

The trip home was uneventful, although Laura became very disillusioned with her fellow man, or more specifically her fellow woman. All her life, Laura had felt like people around her had been looking down on her, feeling superior and smirking behind her back. She knew she was plain, she knew she was unattractive and below average in just about every way, but the stares and nasty little grins of a few women every day just drove it home, never letting her forget it. But Laura had always thought that's what it was, just a few, a few nasty souls delighting in being better than her. What she hadn't realised until the train trip home that first day after finding the scroll, was just how many nasty souls there were. In fact, from what she'd felt, it had to be pretty much everyone! When she'd boarded the carriage, the passengers looked up at the new arrivals and glanced at her before returning to their conversations. That was all, no secret little smiles, no belittling whispers to friends, just a glance. But it was enough to set the warmth off, enough for her to start drawing looks from those around her in more ways than one. Laura felt her face heat up as the better looking women present judged her. It was not as pronounced as it had been at work for, as she looked around the carriage, Laura thought she was now prettier than about two thirds of the women there. Of the rest, most seemed to choose their breasts as the new peg on which to hang their self-esteem and felt her own chest warm in response. She was a little surprised by this as only one or two women around her would have been a C cup or larger. Then again, she realised, it was probably very rare that a woman with an A or even B cup bust had the chance to gloat over how much bigger up top she was than another. Resigned to being judged inferior by everyone around her and by extension, being the recipient of everyone's prized traits, Laura leaned back in her seat and closed her eyes. She soon found a curious phenomenon occurring around her. When the train reached a new station, several passengers got off and new ones got on. The warmth in her body invariably intensified with the addition of new 'donors' but suddenly, when the train got three hundred feet down the track, the warmth of the contributions of those who had just got off ceased. In this way, Laura amused herself for the rest of the trip by judging what each group of people had been giving her. The inner-city dwellers who got off at the first two stops seemed to be most proud of their breasts, since she lost more warmth from there than anywhere else when they left. At a later stop, she noticed a lot of people prized their legs and at the stop just before hers, only a few people left the train, but many of them apparently quite pleased with their flat stomachs. When her own stop came, Laura left the carriage and felt almost all the warmth recede as the train pulled away, leaving her wondering if every trip home from work would be as weird as this one from now on.

Having felt pretty mentally and emotionally drained that night, Laura had thrown on some comfortable clothes, heated a quick microwave meal and gone pretty much straight to bed. The next morning, though, she stood in front of her mirrored closet doors and stared at the changes that had occurred in her body. The most obvious was her face: she was pretty! She could actually say that for the first time in her life. Her skin was clear and smooth, her eyes were bright, her lips were full and her teeth were perfect. Laura smiled with delight at her new look and was pleased with the way her new lips curved into an inviting bow. She couldn't wait to see Tom today and show him the new Laura! Looking further down, the changes were more subtle. Her little pink nipples seemed a little larger and were seated atop a pair of small mounds which definitely hadn't been there yesterday. Pulling a bra she never wore out of a drawer, she tried it on. Her new breasts filled the tiny AA cups neatly and made Laura dance around the room with joy. She felt as giddy as a 12 year old girl on the cusp of womanhood, whose body has just started maturing. Then again, she'd never had those feelings at 12, or 13 or 15, 18 or at all since she'd never developed any breasts at all until just yesterday. The only reason she had this one bra at all was because she'd gone into a lingerie store for a fitting and been too embarrassed to leave with nothing when told she didn't even need a training bra. As for the rest of her, there were minor changes in her waist, butt, hips and legs which wouldn't be noticeable to anyone but herself. Still, Laura knew that if things kept going the way they were, then her body was well and truly a work in progress.

The revolving door of the Dynamic Microsystems building swung aside to reveal the new and improved Laura, who swept into the lobby with a new spring in her step. She flashed a smile at Sally, the pretty blonde receptionist behind the front desk whom she'd always envied. Laura didn't know what to make of the response she got, though. On the one hand, Sally waved and smiled at her like the friendly, bubbly person she was to everyone, but on the other, Laura's face became warmer, suggesting Sally was silently happy to still be the prettier of the two. Even this couldn't dampen Laura's spirits though, since she knew she'd get to see Tom this morning. She climbed the stairs to the mailroom and set about her tasks with an unusual amount of energy. She kept so busy that the morning flew by and pretty soon it was time for her rounds. Unlike the previous day she had no trouble attracting the attention of her co-workers when she brought them their mail. The men soon lost interest though, when their eyes slipped below her neck to find she was still pretty much shapeless. Laura didn't care, she knew she was still changing because she could feel her body getting warmer and warmer as she visited more and more of her female colleagues. Their reactions were similar to the men's, but the women either looked at her face and turned away with a smile, having determined they were still prettier than her, a situation the added warmth quickly began to fix, or looked below her face, often to her chest, to find a feature they could still outclass Laura in. By the time she approached Tom's desk and the end of her rounds, Laura knew things were very different to yesterday. Her face was still fairly warm, but she could tell that at least half of the women she delivered to had been forced to admit she was prettier than they were. This was reflected in the increased glow she felt from her breasts, which were receiving more than double the contributions they'd had yesterday. Obviously there were many women like Debbie who concluded that even if Laura had suddenly become pretty, they still had the advantage of being more 'womanly' in their figures. She also felt a bit warmer than normal in her legs, waist and butt, but she knew it wasn't enough to actually see any changes very soon.

As she approached Tom's desk Laura hesitated. What should she say to him? Would he notice the difference? Of course, he'd noticed it yesterday when there was barely anything to see. He knew her so well, he was so sweet!... Shaking off her little sidetrack, Laura still wasn't sure. Assuming he did notice, how would she explain it? He'd never believe the truth. *She'd* never believe it if it wasn't happening to her. She could always pretend nothing was different, but then he'd ask questions and she didn't want to lie to him. Having resolved nothing, Laura eventually just decided to see how things panned out. She pulled out the letters addressed to Tom and was surprised to see one of them was an official request from the Board of Directors. The envelope had their insignia on the back and looked very serious and important. Ignoring it for the moment, Laura made her way over to Tom's desk and smiled down at him. He glanced up from his computer and returned a harried grin.

"Laura!" He almost went back to typing while he talked but then looked her over again in surprise. "You look great today! Whatever that new makeup you started using yesterday is, it's really brought out your eyes."

"Thanks!" Laura couldn't help but release a little giggle at his wide-eyed charm. "I'm feeling a lot more confident than I have in a while."

"Good for you," he replied with a smile, then sighed. "Wish I could say the same."

"What's wrong?" she immediately became concerned. Tom was her only friend and she couldn't bear to see him so troubled. "Is it about this letter from the Board?" she held it up.

"No, actually it's… what?!" He took the official looking envelope from her and turned it over in his hands nervously. "Listen Laura," he began, still looking down at the letter. "I've been meaning to as you this for a while, a long while in fact…" Tom trailed off as he opened the letter and scanned its contents.

"Yes?" she prompted expectantly.

"Um…" Tom struggled to pull his train of thought back together after reading the letter. "I've been wondering what was going on upstairs." He said, clearly having moved on to a new topic. "They've been pretty unhappy about something for a while, but I have no idea what, only that it must be big." He beckoned her closer and showed her an email he'd gotten the day before. "They asked me for a full description of all the tasks I've got going at the moment. They want to know what I've been doing with my time. The only reason I can think of for that is some kind of performance review. I hope they're not going to fire me." Laura was horrified, she couldn't bear to work here without him, he was the only good thing about the job.

"No chance of that happening!" She put on a brave face and grinned at him. "Where would the bosses be without Mr Fix-it to solve all their problems for them. They couldn't even figure out email without you!"

"Thanks," Tom smiled at her encouragement. His uncertainty seemed to have gone and his face was resolute. "Listen, this thing says I've got to go to a meeting at 3, so I won't be here for your afternoon delivery." He indicated the letter from the Board. "I've also got to put a few things together that they want to see, so I'm going to have to skip lunch I'm afraid. Sorry." Laura was disappointed, but she'd far rather he did everything asked of him and kept his job.

"Sounds like I might not see you for a while then!" she joked.

"Yeah, sorry to say." Tom replied, seemingly perfectly serious, which puzzled Laura a bit. "Still, best of luck with the new look. You certainly deserve to be noticed a bit more around here." He smiled at her. Laura returned the smile and started her trip back to the mailroom. On the way she brushed an arm lightly across her unnaturally hot chest and gave a contented little sigh. The longer they were apart, the bigger the surprise she'd have for him when next they met.

By lunchtime Laura was experiencing an uncomfortable feeling she'd never thought she'd ever have to feel. Her bra was too tight! She was so happy she felt like laughing, but managed to bottle up her joy as she grabbed her bag and headed out for her break. After grabbing a quick sandwich at a local café, she headed for the nearest lingerie store. The further she got from the office, the less she felt the warmth, which bothered her a bit, since she'd been enjoying the feeling of taking the prized assets of her smug co-workers. Still, nothing could bring her down from her high. Stepping into the store, Laura looked around at all the silky, lacy little things she'd never been able to wear before. She didn't get very far before she was approached by a sales assistant who gave her a once over before asking if she needed any help. Laura decided to play it cool and casually replied that she needed a new bra or two. The other woman looked her over critically.

"You're probably going to need an A." she stated very matter-of-factly, but the way she said 'A' was tinged with a certain amount of disdain. That's going to limit you a bit, many of our brands prefer to cater for the more feminine sizes." The assistant flicked her eyes down towards her own fairly substantial bust and looked back at Laura with a little smile before leading her to the back of the store. Laura felt some of the wind come out of her sails, but the added warmth she felt in her chest was enough to make up for it. With any luck, the sales assistant herself was already doing her bit to help Laura reach those very same 'more feminine sizes.'

Twenty minutes later, Laura left the shop wearing a new A cup bra, which she was pleased to note didn't have all that much space in it before she'd be needing the next size up. In anticipation of that she'd also bought a B cup on the excuse that she sometimes swelled up to that size when her time of the month came around. She'd only bought one of each since at the rate she was going she wouldn't even have time to wash them before they became too small. Laura laughed with delight as she felt the heat build in her face, chest and body the nearer she got to the Dynamic building. Actually, now that she thought of it, she hadn't felt the loss of the lingerie store woman's donations since she entered the building. Looking behind her down the street, Laura laughed as she realised the shop was only about 250 feet away and would certainly be in range of her mailroom on the third floor. It looked like she'd be enjoying the arrogant saleswoman's help for at least the rest of the day!

True to his word, Tom was not at his desk when Laura came past with her afternoon deliveries. She missed his company, but thought it might actually be a good thing since she doubted she'd be able to keep herself from blurting out her news if he was there. This time when she'd been through her rounds about nine tenths of the hundred or more women she visited on her route had taken one glance at her new face and started looking elsewhere for an attribute in which they were superior. As a result, her breasts felt like they were on fire and rivulets of sweat were running down her chest and soaking into her new bra. The garment itself was starting to feel like it might be overmatched as well. Laura could feel her pulse pounding through her overheated chest and thought it must have been her imagination, but she almost fancied that each thump of her heart pushed her growing boobs out the tiniest bit further. What she did know was that she doubted she'd be able to wear the A cup bra much longer, which was cause for celebration as far as Laura was concerned. Maybe she should have been shocked that the measures by which women compared themselves to one another were apparently beauty first and boobs second, but since she'd spent her entire life up to now without either, Laura was revelling in the fact. Obviously people like those she'd been on the train with yesterday had no other means of comparison than outward physical appearance since they were strangers, but Laura was almost glad that the smug women here at the office who'd known her, or rather could have known her if they'd bothered to notice her existence, for 2 years, were so shallow as well. That way she could take what they considered to be those features that made them special and better than Laura and others like her. Then maybe they'd see what life was like for women like her. As she made her way back to the mailroom, Laura idly wondered what would happen when her boobs grew bigger than any of her colleagues. If she was both bustier and more beautiful than them, would they stop? Somehow she doubted it, chances were none of them would want to admit the lowly mailroom girl was better than them in any way and would find some other attribute to make themselves feel superior. Oh well, Laura would be more than happy to find out!

Putting her delivery cart away in the corner, Laura collapsed into her chair, breathing heavily. She wasn't sure how long she could take this heat. It was funny, she didn't remember it being this intense yesterday, even when pretty much everyone had been focused on her face. Then she remembered the woman from the lingerie store who she figured she was probably still draining. That made her wonder about the women from the train. She realised with a start that the process never really stopped, so long as a woman had compared herself to Laura and drawn smug satisfaction from being better in some way, part of that attribute would be transferred to Laura's body. Even now in the mailroom where nobody could see her she could still feel the flaming heat in her chest coupled with a faint warmth in her face and other parts of her body which told her that those women still thought themselves superior. If that was the case then if any of those women from the street or the train, who'd obviously been judging her, came back into her range then the draining might start up again. And, she thought, if they were getting on at the same subway station as her, chances were they worked around here somewhere, maybe even within three hundred feet of this building. Laura didn't really have time to dwell on this idea because she was finding it very hard to concentrate. The powerful heat radiating throughout her chest was making it impossible to focus on anything else. She didn't know how long she sat there, head leaning over the back of her chair staring at the ceiling but with all her attention on the sensations in her breasts. Her sweat-slick blouse shifted against her skin with the movement of her gasping breaths. She felt the cups of her new bra pushed outwards by the growing flesh within and she fought for every breath as the heat threatened to overcome her hold on consciousness. Arching her back, Laura managed to unhook her straining bra before collapsing back into her seat.

Her next coherent thought was that her neck was sore from having been bent backwards all that time. Then she wondered how long all that time was. Glancing at her watch she was shocked to find that it was 7:30 at night. She'd been passed out, no, dazed was probably more like it, for over three and a half hours. Most of the office must have gone home by now, which was probably why the heat had dropped back to a manageable amount. Even so, it seemed like enough people were working late that there was still a serious level of warmth across her chest. Sitting forward in her chair to take stock, Laura felt her bra swing forward to rest on top of her breasts. Knowing no one would ever have any reason to come into the mailroom at this time of night, she felt safe enough to unbutton her blouse and remove the now useless garment. Holding up the little A cup bra she'd been so proud of that morning, Laura compared it to her new breasts. By the looks of things she had to be twice her previous size, but she suddenly realised she had a way to tell for sure. Grabbing her bag, Laura pulled out the other new bra she'd bought, the B cup and tried it on. It fit perfectly, the cups filled to capacity with her own warm flesh. Scarcely able to keep the smile off her face, Laura packed up her things and stood up to leave. Then she had a thought. The heat in her chest told her that she was still draining a fair number of her smug co-workers, who were working late for one reason or another. With an evil little grin, Laura plonked her butt back in her chair and decided to wait it out. She found a few things she could get on with that would save her some time tomorrow and kept herself busy while the heat in her chest lasted. It stayed a surprisingly long time actually, being 9:30pm before the sensation dimmed to a barely perceptible warmth. Laura stopped what she was doing and checked her bra, which she'd been deliberately ignoring up til now. Where only two hours earlier the brand new bra had fit fine, now small curves of flesh peeking out over, under and to each side of the cups showed in no uncertain terms that it was overmatched. Even so, she didn't think she was quite big enough for a C cup yet. Just the fact that her wearing a C cup bra was a possibility was enough to give her the giggles. Laura could scarcely believe that she was sitting here overwhelming a brand new bra, let alone considering the next size up, but she knew it was true. She could hardly wait for tomorrow!

Laura yawned as she got off the 5am train and climbed the stairs out of the subway station. She'd never been to work so early in her life, but today she thought it might be necessary. The security guard at the front desk was surprised to see her knocking on the glass doors, but after she showed him her staff ID he let her in with only a raised eyebrow.

"Just got a few things to take care of before things get busy!" she called as she strode towards the stairs. The unfamiliar feeling of her new breasts bouncing slightly under her blouse brought a little smile to her pretty face. She was glad they were so firm since she'd decided to go without a bra today. Having already outgrown the B cup she'd bought only yesterday, she knew she'd only get bigger from here on and had left it at home. Making her way to the mailroom, Laura found the morning's mailbag ready by the door as usual and began her sorting. As the hours passed and it got closer to the normal start of the day, she felt the warmth begin to build in her chest. As more and more women entered the building and came into her range, the warmth grew into heat and continued rising. Around 8:30am, just as it became almost too much, Laura finished her morning's work which would usually take her up til her 11am delivery to finish. That was the reason she'd decided to come in so early; if yesterday was anything to go by, she doubted she'd be able to concentrate enough to get anything done once the building was full. As it turned out, she was lucky to have had the foresight. When she felt the fire in her chest reach its peak and her breathing start to get heavier and more laboured, Laura pulled out her phone and set both its alarm and the one on her watch to alert her when it was time for her rounds. Then she tilted back in her chair and let her mind drift off to the rhythmic pounding of her heart.

It was over three hours later when the persistent buzz of her phone managed to drag Laura from her heat-induced daze. She glanced at her watch and nearly fell out of her chair, it was already 12pm! She checked her phone which was still buzzing and realised her mistake. Its clock was still set for daylight saving time and read 11am which was why her alarm had failed her and her watch obviously hadn't been able to penetrate her daze. Working on autopilot, she grabbed her cart and was out the door before she realised what she'd done. Out in the corridor under the gaze of her co-workers, Laura knew she'd just have to bear with the fire in her body and try to maintain her focus. The shock of being so late had brought her clarity for a moment, but she could already feel her concentration slipping. As she walked, Laura felt the heavier bounce of her boobs, telling her she'd definitely grown some more. Risking a glance down she resisted the urge to cup one of the rounded orbs now stretching her blouse more than she'd ever dreamed. She could feel the fabric of her top rubbing against her skin with every movement and had to catch herself as she nearly slipped off into dreamland again. Luckily, the necessity of focusing on her work kept her from caving in. She caught the first guy she delivered to staring at her chest and was at first amazed, then flattered, then embarrassed when he didn't stop. Wishing she'd remembered to tape her nipples down like she'd planned, Laura dropped the man's mail at his feet before moving on. She glanced down again and realised that her nipples were making two very obvious dents in her blouse and even seemed slightly bigger than before, though not in proportion to her breasts, which were the size of large oranges and would definitely need a C cup bra to hold them. They may even have been a little bigger than that, she thought, but it could also be the fact that she had such a tiny frame which made them look larger by comparison. Unlike previous days, Laura had no trouble getting the attention of her male co-workers and she noticed a lot of them taking an unreasonably long time to sign for their mail, probably because their eyes were on other things. The women on the other hand seemed to be looking anywhere but at her enhanced chest, apparently not believing that the once plain, flat mailroom girl was now both prettier and bustier than they were. The only thing Laura couldn't work out was why nobody was freaking out. They obviously noticed the difference in her appearance, but none of them questioned her or said anything at all about how she'd changed so quickly. One thing that was apparent, however, was the change in attitude of her female colleagues. Many of them now seemed intimidated by Laura's looks and their demeanours changed dramatically. Where before most of them had been smug and pleased with how obviously superior they were, now that Laura had surpassed them in two such obvious ways, they were now focused on finding something she *hadn't* beaten them in. The play of emotions across their faces when she approached told her exactly what they were thinking.

*Here comes that little troll from the mailroom.* Smug grin

*God, there's no way she was that pretty yesterday!* Expression of dismay

*Well at least I'll always have her beat in the chest department.* Smile as eyes track lower

*Wow, where the hell did those come from?!* Jaw drops

*Well at least I've still got my…* Pained grimace.

After the first five ran through practically the same scenario, Laura stopped paying attention and just waited for the new sensation. It was interesting, in the last two days she'd been draining attributes from the women in her office and she'd gotten an insight into their minds. The first thing they'd all held over her was her looks; they'd all felt they were prettier, so her plain face was the first to go. As she'd become better looking, many of them had switched their self-esteem over to their breasts, confident that they were still more womanly than a waif like Laura. Now though, since she'd grown in that area too… Laura momentarily smiled down at her two soft orbs as they jostled around in her blouse with the bounce of her stride. Now that she was bigger as well as prettier, they were all branching off. Each seemed to have a favourite thing about themselves which they felt set them apart and which Laura clearly lacked. As she moved along her route delivering the morning mail, Laura felt the intense heat in her bust diminish as woman after woman admitted defeat in that area. She then felt the warmth spring up again in all sorts of areas from her feet and legs to her hips and rear as well as a surprisingly large number who seemed to prize their hair, which made for a curious sensation in her scalp. There was also a band of warmth running up her spine, which Laura could only guess meant some of her colleagues liked being taller than her. As it was, she was at least grateful that the powerful fire she'd been feeling in her chest was now distributed more evenly around her body and she doubted she'd be blanking out again. At a guess, she figured that all her co-workers who wore A, B or C cups could no longer claim to be bigger than Laura, but she was still draining anyone with a D cup or larger. Nevertheless, she wasn't the bustiest girl around so she could still feel the heat coming from those whose impressive bosoms she had yet to conquer.

As she made her way past Tom's desk, Laura was disappointed to see that he wasn't there today. She hadn't really been planning on flaunting her new assets in front of him, but she'd been hoping he would notice. It was just that she felt so much sexier since she'd started changing, as if finding a boyfriend and falling in love weren't just fantasies anymore, but might actually come true. Oh well, she sighed lightly, she'd just have to save his surprise for whenever the Board got finished with him. Coming around a corner with her cart, Laura spotted a tall man in a grey suit waiting outside the mailroom. She had a vague idea that he worked in human resources, but she couldn't be sure. He smiled at her as she approached, then his eyes dipped lower and took in the round forms of her bobbling breasts. His smile widened imperceptibly and Laura wished again that she'd remembered to tape down her nipples. Skirting around the leering man, she parked her cart in its usual spot and turned to face him. Making clear eye contact and silently challenging him to break it, Laura addressed him.

"Can I help you?"

"Are you Laura Adams?"

"Yes…" she wasn't sure where this was going.

"I believe you applied for a job in our secretarial division?" Laura nodded, but she was puzzled. She'd applied for a job as a secretary 3 times, wanting to put her training to use, but the last time had been at least 6 months ago. She'd heard nothing, just like the two occasions before and had finally given up, but now something seemed to have happened.

"We've reviewed you last application and decided to interview you for the position. If you'll follow me?" he beckoned her on and set off towards the elevators.

Laura let out a nervous sigh as she stepped out of the interview room. It hadn't been the worst interview of her life, in fact she thought it had gone pretty well, but she was still glad it was over with. She'd been grilled by two HR reps for about an hour on topics such as 'What would you say is your greatest weakness?' and 'How good are your people skills?' But she had to stop herself from laughing out loud when asked 'How would you deal with a difficult co-worker?' Even so, something told her the interview had been a bit of a sham, as if the two men were just going through the motions. Near the end, one had told her

"Well Miss Adams, that's about everything we needed to know. I think we're safe to announce that you've got the job! Congratulations."

"Really?! So soon?" Laura was amazed, and secretly pleased.

"Yes, with your skills and a sterling recommendation from one of our key people we're happy to have you on the team!" That threw her a bit. She didn't know anybody well enough for them to recommend her, except Tom maybe. That must be it! He'd done it; he'd gotten her this job! She would have to give him a big 'thank you' hug when she saw him. With this, she'd finally be able to afford a few more things and she might even get a little bit of respect.

"Oh and don't worry about your responsibilities in the mailroom, we've got some interns coming through in about two weeks time who can use the experience and we'll get some temps to fill in until then. Now if you'll come right this way." She was dragged from her thoughts as one of her interviewers addressed her and led her down the corridor.

The well-dressed man took Laura at a brisk pace to a door on the third floor that she'd passed often but never entered. It led to the Secretarial Pool, a service division comprising over fifty women who handled all the inter-departmental correspondence, memos and letters to suppliers and customers. They also dealt with scheduling, rosters and miscellaneous support services, or so the notice on the door explained. Normally, Laura simply left any mail outside the door but today she was ushered in by her escort and beheld a large room filled with independent workstations. They were the kind of semi-private areas with a desk, chair and computer, separated from those beside them by a short divider giving the illusion of privacy. A woman was seated at each station wearing a large pair of noise-cancelling headphones which covered her ears completely.

"Ladies! Ladies, you're attention please." The HR man called to the room at large. Nobody responded. "Excuse me ladies!" He said a little louder this time. Finally, having noticed him waving his arms about, a very tall woman, over 6 foot at least, removed her headphones and came over to help.

"That'll never work." She said calmly with a hint of derision. "We wear these things to block out distractions like you." She indicated her headphones before pressing a red button on the wall by the door. Instantly every secretary stopped what they were doing and looked up. "The button sends a tone through the whole system to get everyone's attention." Every woman had removed her headset and waited to see what the announcement was going to be.

"Yes, well, thank you," muttered the man, clearly embarrassed. "I'd like to introduce Laura, who's going to be working here from tomorrow. I trust you'll show her the ropes and help her settle in," he said a little stiffly.

"Are you kidding?!" the expression on the tall woman's long horse-face had gone from derisive to downright angry. "I've told you HR clowns we don't have enough work to go around as it is. Some of the girls have had to switch over to part time already and now you want us to take on this newbie as well!"

"Yes, and that is the decision of management and you will abide by it." He replied sternly, apparently trying to regain face by appearing strong and decisive. "In fact," he asserted his authority and pulled rank on her, "I'm assigning you to oversee her training personally. You get her set up and teach her the job yourself."

"What? That's ridiculous!" She exclaimed. "I'm the head secretary, I've got far better things to do than play babysitter."

"Well I'm afraid you'll have to put up with it, Miss Adams is working here now and that is simply all there is to it. Now good day to you!" he strode out, leaving Laura standing sheepishly by the door.

"Um…hi." She could tell it wasn't going to be easy to make friends here. Every woman was looking at her with a mix of annoyance, scorn and downright hostility. She actually staggered as the heat in her body nearly doubled suddenly and looked up to catch a few jealous glares coupled with some superior smirks and wondered what would become of her, stuck in this room every day with a bunch of women who apparently already hated her guts.

"Well, come on shrimp, I'd better get you set up so I can get back to some real work." Laura turned to find the tall woman looking down her long nose at Laura before she snorted and stalked across to the far corner of the room where about ten empty desks suggested there had already been a bit of downsizing going on. "At least they didn't send us a man. People seem to think that the female secretary is a stereotype, but I say it's only because men are useless at this job. They can't concentrate on more than one thing at a time and they make too many mistakes. I've vetoed the last three men they tried to send me but it looks like I'm stuck with you." The woman seemed to finish her little rant as they reached the point in the room furthest from the other women.

"You can have this one." Her angry mentor pointed at a random computer. "There's a headset on the wall and assignments in the box by the door. I'm sure you'll figure it out." She turned to leave. "Oh, I'm Penny by the way, I run this place and it's a good idea not to cross me. We don't want you here but we're stuck with you, so don't make trouble. Any questions, no, good." Penny didn't wait for an answer before she was gone. Laura looked at her new area and figured she'd better learn how to do her job on her own before it started for real tomorrow. It was already 4:30pm so she could get out of here pretty soon and be away from these waspish women. Unfortunately, she'd be back next morning.

When Laura came back in to the secretarial pool the next day, she was ready to put to use a few things she'd managed to learn the day before, and not just about her job. From watching the others, she'd learned that most of what they did was typing up letters and memos for managers who were either too important or too lazy, or both, to do it themselves. They got assignments on little portable voice recorders, which were delivered every day, which plugged into their computers and the dictation came through the headphones to be word processed. The noise-cancelling headphones served to cut out any background noise and keep the secretaries from listening to each other's recordings, which would have been chaos. With a company the size of Dynamic, there was usually enough work to keep them busy, although Penny seemed to disagree. She was the one who was going to be the most trouble, Laura could tell. She was the tallest woman Laura had ever seen, being at least a couple of inches over six feet but she was thin as a rake and her long horsey face could never be considered pretty.

"Maybe that's why she hates me so much," Laura muttered to herself in her lonely corner. There was no question that her recent improvements had definitely set Laura above all but a few of the secretaries in terms of looks and she guessed her new boobs were bigger than most as well. Still, Penny insisted on calling her 'shrimp' whenever she was forced to address Laura and seemed to enjoy her intimidating height advantage, standing too close to Laura by far in order to emphasise the difference. Still, the most interesting thing she'd learnt in her short self-orientation yesterday hadn't been about her new supervisor, but about the other ladies. Laura had been fiddling with her new system, having plugged in a recorder and her headset, she'd just managed to get the playback working when she'd turned and accidentally tugged on the cord. Suddenly, she lost the voice and the headphones became skewed slightly on her head. The background noise of the room filled her ears after the complete silence of the muffling headphones and seemed all the louder for it. She discovered she'd pulled the headphone plug a bit out of its socket and the connection was broken. Just as she was about to put it back though, she caught a snippet of conversation.

"…do you think of the new girl? She's awfully small." One woman was saying.

"You're right, she's very skinny too. Well, except for those boobs. I can't believe a shrimp like her is stacked like that, it's not fair."

"I know, I think Anthea and Courtney and maybe Jill are the only ones here who're bigger."

"And to top it off, she'd prettier than most of us too. At least Gina and Vicki and have still got her beat or she'd probably lord it over the rest of us. Tiny gorgeous little pixie thing just screams innocent and helpless. I hate that kind of girl, they get all the good men!"

"I don't know, apart from looks and boobs, what does she really have? I've got a much nicer ass that her flat backside."

"Yeah, and my hips are much better than her boyish ones."

"Have you seen her hair? It's all thin and dull, at least mine has some body."

Laura couldn't listen after that, she'd spent the rest of the afternoon figuring out how to work her computer. Today though, she was going to try the same trick again to see if yesterday's outpouring of bile had just been a reaction to her intrusion or if they really did hate her. Grabbing a few recorders from the box, she sat down at her desk and plugged in. She typed up her first letter and when she'd finished she tilted her headphones so they only covered one ear and it still looked like she was working. Laura was disappointed to hear they were at it again.

"She's got those little twigs for legs, I hope her boyfriend's not a leg man or he'll be sorely disappointed. She wishes she had my calves." One woman said with a laugh.

"You're so right, assuming she even has a boyfriend. If she had long glossy hair like mine she might be able to find one. Dave can't get enough of playing with it. But as she is, not a chance."

"My Sam loves to put his hands round my waist. He can almost touch his fingers all the way round and I'm normal sized. She's skinny enough but so straight up and down she's got no waist at all."

Laura gave up after that, obviously they just didn't want her there and were having a great time picking out her flaws and noting how much better they were. She left them to it, knowing that the powerful warmth she was feeling would soon give them pause for thought.

By the end of the day when she got home, Laura could tell her clothes fit a little differently than just that morning. Her breasts didn't look any bigger, but that was because she was wearing a new minimiser bra she'd picked up after work the afternoon before. She was almost filling its D sized cups now but it was keeping her bound tightly enough that it didn't show. She figured it would be hard enough to keep her changes from being too obvious and growing a cup size in a day would certainly draw stares. Everything else was a little harder to tell. She knew her pants were riding differently on her hips, but wasn't sure what it signified. Her shoes also felt strange, but she couldn't tell in what way. She resolved to go shopping on the weekend and get a few new things that might fit a bit better. She also decided to measure herself and discovered she was a whole inch taller, which brought a smile to her face as she'd never hated being short more than when face with Penny. Also, her hair seemed to have grown at least two inches longer than the point just below her ears at which she usually kept it. Laura hated her hair. It was thin and lifeless and a boring dull brown color. Every time a shampoo commercial came on TV she'd stare at those lucky women whose gorgeous tresses sparkled in the light and swished around their shoulders, flowing in thick silky waves down to their tiny waists. If she had hair like that she'd never cut it and she imagined the feeling of masses of luxuriant locks covering her body and tickling her skin. Laura had always known it would never happen, but now given she was already prettier and more buxom than she'd ever dreamed she could be, she dared to hope just a little.

When she was laying out her clothes on Friday morning, Laura was conscious of her changing figure. She knew the other secretaries had seen how her body was in the last two days and she had to be careful not to let them see how quickly she was changing. A long skirt would be best, she decided. That way, any change in her height would be less obvious than if she were wearing pants and it would hide most of her legs. She put the minimiser bra back on, glad it had dried from the wash the night before since it was the only one she had. A loose blouse over the top would make any gains in that area less obvious. Laura knew this was going to become a routine if her development continued as it had been. She was going to have to be more and more careful or people would start asking questions. Looking in the mirror she could hardly believe how much she'd changed already. Her face had left cute behind a long time ago and was now tracing the borderline between very pretty and downright beautiful with arching brows, sparkling eyes a button nose and a small neat mouth with full rosebud lips. Her skin was smooth and soft with a clear peaches and cream complexion she never thought she see on her own face. Further down her almost D cup breasts strained against her constricting bra, their pleasant fullness and weight on her chest a feeling Laura never thought she would feel after puberty effectively passed her by. Down lower, she couldn't actually tell if her hips had gotten wider or her waist had gotten smaller, but there was a definite curve to her lower body now. It wasn't much, in fact she only noticed it because even that little bit was so much more than she'd had before. Even so, she couldn't have been more pleased. Her backside was still flat and her legs were still sticks, but she knew that extra inch of height would help there. These changes had all happened in just four days and she knew there would be more to come today. As Laura walked into the secretarial pool office she basked in the warmth that had been washing over her body since she came within range of the building. However, this time she noticed something strange, she felt a second wave of warmth add to what she was already feeling when she entered the room. On a hunch, she turned, as if she had forgotten something and went back into the corridor. The extra warmth faded and the sensation in her body returned to the level it had been when she was doing the mail deliveries, which was admittedly still quite powerful. Entering the room again, she saw her co-workers look up, saw their expressions range from jealousy to scorn and felt the additional heat flow into her. She couldn't figure out why she hadn't noticed this yesterday, but then remembered how preoccupied she'd been thinking about the attitudes of those she'd overheard the previous day. Sitting at her desk with a day's worth of recordings ready to type up, Laura could only think of one reason for this phenomenon. The only difference between out in the hall and in here was that in here everyone was looking at her. The other secretaries didn't just see her twice a day on the mail run and express their superiority based on that small amount of contact, they stared daggers into her back, they gossiped when they thought she couldn't hear them and the constantly compared her body to theirs and found whatever faults they could to make themselves feel better. They were constantly reinforcing the bad attitude towards others that triggered the spell or curse or whatever it was. For a moment, Laura wondered if she should talk to them, maybe warn them that the nastier they were and the more smug comments they made to each other about her, the more of their prized attributes she would take, and through no fault or control of her own. Then two things happened. The first was that she realised she had no way of broaching the subject and no one would ever believe her anyway. The second though, was the clincher. At lunch time she got up from her computer and headed for the door. Before she got there a group of the other ladies called her over and invited her to have lunch with them. If she hadn't heard them plotting using her eavesdropping trick with the headphones, she might well have responded to what looked like the first attempt by anyone to include her in the team. As it was, she knew that while she was at lunch two of the other women were going to delete her day's work and retype it full of mistakes, making her look incompetent and hopefully getting her fired. She declined their polite offer with a smile and said she was really swamped and was just going out for a moment to pick up a sandwich. Laura knew that wouldn't give them enough time to do anything for fear she might come back and catch them, but the lengths they were willing to go to shocked her. She'd only just arrived two days earlier and had been nothing but polite and hard-working but for some reason her very presence offended them. Where earlier she'd been feeling sorry for them and hoping they would mend their ways so they could keep their looks; now she couldn't care less about them and in fact she revelled in the knowledge that hour by hour, minute by minute, she was becoming more attractive at their expense.

Saturday morning found Laura at the mall looking for new clothes to fit her blossoming body. She'd managed to get through the last couple of days without anyone commenting on her changes, but she needed a few new outfits to keep her secret under wraps. She also needed some new bras since by yesterday afternoon she was filling her D cup minimiser to capacity. Today she'd taped her prominent strawberry pink nipples down and gone out without a bra, although it had seemed a harsh thing to do to the perfectly cute little nubs. She enjoyed the tickling sensation of her heavy bare breasts moving around inside her blouse as she walked, but noticing a few sidelong glances, slowed her pace a bit to be less conspicuous. She also needed to get her hair trimmed. It had grown almost four inches since she'd joined the secretaries and was now brushing her collar, which was fantastic, but it was looking a little shaggy so she figured she'd get a stylist to neaten it up a bit. The first stop was a lingerie store, where she noticed the reaction of the shop assistant was very different to the last time she'd been to buy a bra. This time the store clerk was a girl about her own age who looked to be sporting a pair of C cups and her slightly disappointed smile told Laura she wished she could fill some of the bras she was going to be showing her latest customer. Laura felt sorry for her as she knew that feeling all too well, but she changed her tune when she felt a warmth building up in her legs and noticed the girl had rather a fine pair which she was showing off to good effect. Wanting to move on with her day, Laura bought a D cup which she was going to wear out of the store, as well as three DDs, a normal lacy white one and two minimisers which she thought she'd probably need for the next week at work. As she settled her warm orbs into their new home she noticed there wasn't a single bit of room to spare in the D cup garment and knew she'd be needing the larger sizes within a couple of days. Still, the bigger she got the fewer better-endowed women there were around to feel superior about their own assets, so her growth was likely to tail off at some point. Still, she had to pinch herself because the very idea that there weren't that many women around with breasts larger than hers was a dream come true to the once invisible girl. Now she saw men staring in lust and women looking on in envy as she made her way through the mall to her favourite clothes store. An interesting side effect she noticed as this happened, was that every envious woman inevitably found something else about her that they could feel good about. Maybe she had bigger boobs, but they were still better in the … department. This meant that the more people she passed, the stronger the warmth in her body became. Surprisingly, most of the heat was in her scalp but she soon realised this was a reasonable reaction. She was still dressed very conservatively with a long skirt hiding her legs, flat shoes and a nondescript blouse. Dressed as she was, it would be very hard to tell how shapely her legs were, what waist size she had or how rounded her backside was. Her face was prettier than almost every woman she saw, which only really left her hair, still its drab, lifeless self; if a little longer than normal. As she moved through the crowds, Laura could feel the warmth rising to heat and the heat building into a fire. She almost felt as if she was running a fever, but realised she would just have to put up with it. Besides, she'd always wanted longer, better hair and if this was all she had to go through to get it, then that was just fine.

With her favourite store in sight, Laura had a realisation. The heat wasn't fading at all. It was still building the more women she met, but she'd expected it to abate a little as she moved on. At work everyone sat at a desk and didn't move all day so they stayed within her range, but here all the people were moving around and some at least should be going out of her range. Spying a center directory, she did some quick checking. That was it! The map told her the mall was spread over six floors and the scale said each floor was roughly five hundred feet across. That meant that almost no matter where she was, around three quarters of the people in the mall, or more, would be within three hundred feet of her. Still mulling over the implications of this, Laura entered her favourite store, a fashion boutique called Keen 3. She really liked the clothes they had in this place, but it was a bit too expensive for her to shop there regularly. So Laura only went in a couple of times a year, but she'd bought some of her favourite outfits here in the past. She wandered in and browsed among the shelves, trying to ignore the intense heat from her scalp. Looking down at one of the lower shelves, her hair swung forward into view and she was amazed to see it had grown another whole inch just in the last half hour. Glancing outside though, she wasn't really surprised; the place was packed. There had to be nearly three hundred people out there, two thirds of them women; and that was just the people she could see from here. If she was still draining all the hundreds of women she'd passed so far…

"Can I *help* you?" a drawling voice asked, making its doubt in that statement quite clear. Laura turned to find a very pretty blonde girl beside her with a bored look on her face. Her pert C cup breasts stretched out a lime green tank top and Laura thought the only thing she'd need to complete her teenage bimbo look would be to blow a pink bubble of gum, which she promptly did. Laura doubted she could be older than 16.

"I'm alright thanks." She replied. "I'm just looking around for some new outfits."

"Like, sorry but this is a teen store. We, like, don't stock anything for *seniors.*" The girl sneered at Laura and popped a bubble.

"*Excuse me?!*" Laura was astonished, and offended. "I'm 23 and I've shopped here before. What are you talking about?"

"Yeah, like I said, you're *old*. Teen fashion is for teens, like us." The girl indicated five or six other teenage shop assistants in similar green tops who'd come from all over the store sensing a scene brewing. "It'd just be, like, better for everyone if you left now. And by 'everyone' I mean us." She laughed loudly and the other girls giggled with her. Laura couldn't believe what a little bitch the girl was, but she wasn't about to stand there and be talked to like that. As she stalked out, she felt the strangest sensation start up in her body. It was a warmth, just like any other effect of the spell, but she couldn't figure out what it was connected to. It felt like heartburn from eating too much spicy food, except higher up around the middle of her torso, between her breasts but further back. It was faint at first and she almost didn't notice it over the fire in her scalp, but looking back over her shoulder she saw eight or so of the teen assistants staring at her and hiding their mocking smiles behind raised hands. Suddenly the strange heat got much stronger, although it was still fairly weak compared to her hair. The blonde with the gum had pulled out her phone and was fiddling with it. After a moment she looked up and her smile widened as she spotted Laura lingering just outside.

"Oh my God that was *too* funny. I've gotta tell everyone." She popped a bubble and looked Laura right in the eye before turning back to her phone. "Some… old… hag…" she spoke out loud fairly slowly while she texted. She was just a little too loud for it to be an accident that Laura overheard every word. "came…in…looking…for…clothes. Told…her… 'no…seniors… allowed.' Look…on…her…face…priceless!" Laura had had enough and decided to forget the clothes for now and go get her hair done. Still fuming, she strode across the open court area outside Keen 3 and straight into the first salon she saw. Within moments of sitting down in the waiting area the new warmth between her breasts increased unbelievably. Pretty soon it rivalled the fire in her scalp and she started to feel a little uncomfortable. Glancing to her left, she realised she had a great view of the boutique she'd just left, which unfortunately meant they also had a great view of her. Laura could see the bratty girls who staffed the place standing around chatting to one another. Obviously they didn't have many customers if they treated everyone who came in like they had her. While she watched, a group of five or six girls turned up and greeted the group inside. They talked animatedly for a moment before the obnoxious blonde pointed straight at Laura in the salon and started laughing again, at which point the whole group turned to stare and Laura felt the strange heat intensify a little. Unfortunately, the salon was very busy and as the sixth in line she had to wait nearly an hour before a stylist could see her. In that time, with nothing better to do, she watched the comings and goings at Keen 3 with a kind of morbid fascination. Dozens of girls stopped by the store in groups of two or three and a similar scene played out. Apparently the 16 year old bimbo who'd been so rude to Laura was quite popular, obviously not for her personality. The text, or more likely some kind of social network message, she'd sent out must have gone to a few hundred of her friends. Judging by all the different uniforms many of them sported, a lot worked at various other shops in the mall ranging from shoe stores to juice bars, department stores to phone retailers, while others seemed to just be shopping for the day. All of them, though, appeared to have come to have a laugh at the 'old hag' who'd annoyed the blonde queen bee so much. With every group to come through, Laura felt a little spike in heat and she finally put two and two together. The salesgirl had decided 23 was too old and she and the other staff had smugly kicked Laura out, setting off the warmth at her core. Laura could only guess from the situation that they were smug about being younger than her, so if she was right, she was now draining their *youth*. The only explanation for the strength of the heat, though, was the presence of all the other girls. However many people that message had gone to, they must all have decided, without ever laying eyes on Laura, that they were much younger, and therefore obviously better, than the 'old hag' their obnoxious blonde leader mentioned. The spikes seemed to be from the reactions of those who came to see for themselves. Having worked it out, Laura no longer felt so uncomfortable about the strange heat, but she was a little sad that the girls were losing the most precious thing they had. Still, it did kind of serve them right, but it would be difficult for them to learn any lesson from it. They probably wouldn't even notice. At last, Laura was called by a stylist, who invited her to take a seat. She got the shock of her life when she looked in the mirror opposite her chair. She was 21, or she looked like it! Actually, it was a bit hard to tell since she hadn't been this beautiful when she was originally 21, but she was definitely younger than only an hour and a half earlier. Her skin almost seemed to glow with health and something about her eyes was a little more bright and innocent. Her hair was better too, far better. It was another few inches longer now as well, resting lightly on her shoulders and dragging across the fabric of her blouse when she moved her head. It was a new sensation for Laura and she loved it! It had more color too, more of a rich chestnut brown than the drab muddy color she'd had before. There were coppery highlights as well, which shone under the bright light of the salon. The stylist ran his hands through it lightly to get a feel for what he would be working with and Laura could tell her locks were thicker than before as well. She gave him a questioning look and he let go of her hair, which he'd been playing with a little too long and told her she had a lovely texture, before busying himself with combs and scissors. Having told him she was trying to grow it out and just wanted a trim, Laura settled back and let the warm sensations infusing her body seep into her bones.

She came to her senses over an hour later to find the stylist playing with her hair again, this time putting it up and twisting it into coiled braids, side ponytails or elaborate arrangements involving chopsticks. He let it fall when she waved a hand at him and she saw her chestnut tresses had grown at least another three inches, falling somewhere around her shoulder-blades now and were noticeably thicker. She thanked her stylist for a job well done and paid him, although he seemed sad to see her go and told her in no uncertain terms to 'come back anytime.'

Wondering what to do with herself, Laura bought a coffee from a stall in the nearby food court and took a seat on a stool by the main thoroughfare. She realised later that that had been a mistake since every woman who walked past was immediately jealous of her good looks and substantial bust. Again, her hair received the majority of the overflow, despite its recent improvements, although a few women seemed to conclude that her conservative clothing was hiding her less attractive features and theirs must surely be better, so her waist, hips and legs started receiving some donations as well. Trying her best to ignore the new heat, Laura rethought her plans. She'd come in for bras, clothes and a haircut, only two of which she'd accomplished. Rubbing one foot against an itch on the back of her leg, Laura added new shoes to that list as her current pair were a bit loose. She thought about going back to Keen 3 and facing down the rude blonde girl there, but wasn't sure what she could say. The little bitch was just so confident in her egotistical view of the world that Laura doubted there was any point. Still, she decided to go for the shoes first and figure the rest out later.

Having resolved her new mission, Laura finished her coffee and set off to find a shoe store. She realised after she'd been all around levels 3,4 and 5 that the map would have been a better idea since she could hardly see straight with the distraction of another couple of hundred donors to her improved hair fund. What Laura was finding difficult to understand was why it was always her hair. She knew nobody could see her lower body under the long skirt she was wearing, although the warmth in her legs had increased a little, but judging by the last shop window she'd passed, her hair was very pretty now. It was soft and shiny and at least twice as thick as it had been this morning. It swished against her back with every movement and was now only about six inches short of her waist. Still, at the rate it seemed to be growing now it would only take about an hour to get there. The only idea that made any sense was something she remembered one of the stylists mentioning while she'd been waiting in the salon. He'd been answering a question about why he'd become a hairdresser and she'd though his reply was very sweet. He'd said that every woman's hair was different and each had its good qualities. Some girls hated their bushy hair, but that type was usually full of volume and body. Some girls who complained that they couldn't grow their hair long normally wanted to because it had excellent shine. The only guess Laura could make about why so many women, with hair she thought wasn't as pretty as hers now was, would hold themselves above her was that they were focused on aspect of it in which they felt superior. Laura felt sorry that they were giving away what made them special, but looking at her reflection, she couldn't deny that the results were spectacular.

Thankfully, when she found the shoe shop, it was a man who came to serve her since she didn't think she could handle any more heat or she'd catch fire. As it was she just walked in, slumped into a chair in a bit of a daze and mumbled

"Two pairs, business and casual, two inch heels." The young man was more than happy to spend half an hour trotting out various styles and designs of both varieties of footwear for the petite, busty vision who'd strolled into his store. Finally, Laura selected the ones she liked best and made her way to the register. As she paid, which took a fairly long time since the assistant did everything very slowly in between sneaking glances at her chest, Laura realised she felt a bit better. She still felt like a walking heater with flames for hair and a hot coal behind her ribs, but at least she could form a coherent thought now. She guessed that since it was around lunchtime a few dozen of her donors must have headed home and gone out of her range. Swiping her card through the reader and grabbing her bags, Laura decided she felt good enough to go tackle that blonde bitch at Keen 3 again, and this time she had a plan.

By the time she made her way back to the teen boutique, her newest acquisitions of warmth balanced by those she was losing, the plan had crystallised in her mind. She wasn't going to yell, she wasn't going to scream or demand respect and service; those things would just make the obnoxious girl feel important. Instead, Laura was going to ignore her since she wasn't worth yelling at or even noticing. And that's exactly what she did. Having seen her coming, the teen bimbo was right onto Laura as soon as she stepped through the door.

"I thought I'd, like, made it clear you're not welcome here." She said confidently, although Laura heard a slight catch in her voice when she'd first set eyes on her prey. Taking a look in a nearby mirror, Laura wasn't surprised, she didn't look a day over 19 now, if that. The queen bee's swarm of salesgirls gathered behind her and nodded to confirm her words. Laura just went to look at the jeans. The bimbo, whose nametag Laura had noticed read 'Candice,' was incensed. Nobody had ever ignored her in her life and she didn't like it one bit. "Hell-oh-o, I'm talking to you *grandma!* You, like, hard of hearing or something?" Laura had been expecting that one and just quietly fingered the fabric of a cute halter top before adding it to the pile over her arm. She started looking at skirts, all of them a lot shorter than the one she was wearing. All credit to her, Candice was persistent. "Like, you can't just come in here and do whatever you want! I'm gonna, like…" she paused. She'd never had to think of a threat before, most people just did what she told them or ran away from her insults. Her hangers-on looked confused as well; Laura decided it was time.

"You're gonna like…help me pick out some clothes, right? That is what you do." The girl opened her mouth, but Laura cut her off. "Actually, Candi dear, do you have... no, wait," Laura cleared her throat. "Like, do you, like, have, like, this in a size for, like, a *real woman?*" She held up a tiny sheer silk nightie against her proud breasts and smiled sweetly at the girl, who was quickly turning red with fury. The rest of the salesgirls burst out laughing at Laura's impression, which didn’t go down well either. The blonde clenched her small fists, but apparently retained enough sense to know that starting a fight in front of the store's security cameras was not a good idea. Instead she swept out the door and called

"I'm, li- I'm going on break," over her shoulder as she disappeared into the crowd. The other girls couldn't stop laughing, but one soon came over to give Laura a hand with her purchases and she eventually left the store with everything she'd been looking for, including several tops made of stretchy material which could accommodate and further enhancements to her already impressive bust. Riding high on the confidence boost she'd gotten from facing down the little tyrant, but also feeling a little bit drained from the effort of maintaining focus through all the heat she'd been feeling, Laura headed for home and a good, long nap.

By Monday morning Laura was a bit more comfortable in her new body and decided not to dress quite so conservatively to work. She still found loose blouses to be the most modest and practical, but her wardrobe was rapidly running out of them. Of course, the blouses were the same size, but she'd discovered that morning that she'd most certainly graduated to a full DD cup, which surprised her a little since she'd just been fitted at the mall. Then she remembered how much heat she'd been feeling all that day and realised she wouldn't have noticed a bit in her chest at all. Besides, while a D cup was big, in a place the size of the mall of course she was going to run into women with bigger breasts than hers, and given her experiences they'd inevitably be quite pleased with that fact. So she started off wearing one of her minimiser DDs, making her larger chest a little less obvious. Looking in the mirror though, Laura decided the choice to dress less conservatively was a sound one for another reason: she looked so young now that it would be ridiculous anyway. The shorter skirt she'd decided on for today suited her much better and ended just above her knees, displaying her legs for the first time. While not exactly spectacular, they'd received enough of an improvement to be average and nothing to be ashamed of. She'd measured herself as well and was now officially 5'3" which meant she only had another foot or so to go before Penny would stop looking down on her. Laura sighed, not looking forward to another week under the thumb of that harpy. Still, she thought as she fluffed out her magnificent hair, it's not all bad. It had grown all the way down to her waist and had so much more volume and shine than just a few days before. She'd decided to try one of the up-dos the stylist had shown her and wrapped her silky locks into a simple arrangement before pinning them at the back of her head with a pair of decorative chopsticks. All set, she headed out to face the world.

Arriving at the Dynamic Microsystems building, Laura felt the familiar warmth emanating from her co-workers wash over her. She was surprised to note that a substantial amount of it was still centred on her breasts, but she soon realised that she hadn't seen many of her colleagues since her final mail delivery last Wednesday morning. As far as they knew, she was still a C cup and they were still larger, so the effect hadn't stopped. She was keeping her new DDs under wraps and while the constricting bra wasn't the most comfortable, the fact that it would be more constricting soon was a welcome thought. She'd been the smallest all her life, it would be nice to be the largest for a change. As she entered the secretarial pool, Laura felt what she now thought of as 'the second wave' hit her. She got a small addition to her bust as two of the older, heavier women, Anthea and Courtney, had large DD cup breasts and were pleased to still be the biggest. Most of the rest went to her lower body, to her legs, hips, waist and rear, which hadn't been the case last week, so she could only guess her latest fashion choice was the cause behind that. Laura took her seat quietly, pretending not to notice the fact that every woman in the room was staring at her. She plugged a voice recorder in and put on her headphones, but left them skewed so she could still hear. The conversations started almost as soon as they thought she was busy.

"Oh. My. God. Is she allowed to wear that in here?" one woman blurted.

"It's just a blouse and a knee-length skirt, she's not exactly topless." A voice of reason spoke up.

"I know, but on her any outfit would be just way too sexy… I mean… it's inappropriate!"

"She's so young too! I thought she was at least in her mid-20s, but the girl can't be older than 19, if that. God, I wish I had skin like hers. She looks so fresh!" The envy began.

"Come on ladies, she may be gorgeous and stacked, but she's not perfect. I mean, Sara still has the best rear and nobody's got longer legs that Fiona."

"You're right, and I've still got the smallest waist. She hasn't beaten us yet."

"No to mention she's still a shrimp, now get back to work ladies." The last was Penny's voice and the others all jumped and the group broke up very quickly. Laura just ignored them and got on with what she was doing. She couldn't talk to them about it, they'd never believe her and she wasn't sure they'd listen anyway. Laura had hoped that if she stayed long enough, they might come around and start including her in the group, but by the sound of it they just hated her guts more than ever. With no other choice, she let the heat roll in and quietly watched her body change as the days went by.

The next two weeks fell into a similar routine after that. Laura woke up, checked the progress of her body's changes and chose what to wear each day. When she arrived at work, the other secretaries would spend half an hour comparing their looks to hers until they each found some area in which they still felt better than Laura. The heat would wash over her, moving about as the ladies changed their minds and finally settle into new areas. By the first Friday her legs had caught up to the rest of her body and become sleek pillars of firm, toned muscle under smooth, supple skin. She showed them off to good effect by wearing even shorter skirts, which made the other secretaries give up in defeat and make it official: Laura had the best legs. To top them off she now possessed flaring hips which had widened to match her shoulders and the hourglass effect was heightened by a tiny waist which was actually narrower than even her previously skinny form. Her backside too had received some serious enhancement and now swelled outwards in two perfect hemispheres which Laura knew would look absolutely fantastic in tights. She made a mental note to visit her new best friend Candice at Keen 3 when she had a moment and pick some up. Her proudest assets though, and in more ways than one, were her jutting breasts. By the Thursday after her trip to the mall, Laura’s DD cup minimiser bras were becoming practically unbearable and on Friday she was forced to wear the lacy white number that she’d bought at the same time. It was just a normal bra and she heard a few gasps from the other ladies at work that day since from their point of view she’d just grown an extra inch or two in the bust seemingly overnight. Without the crushing pressure of the minimiser she was able to get through the day with less pain, but taking her blouse off when she got home, Laura saw how compressed her poor boobs had been. Even with all the straps let out as far as they would go her warm mounds still overflowed the top, bottom and sides of the inadequate cups, leaving red marks on her soft skin when she let them out. On Saturday she had to return to the mall and pick up two black lace bras in an F cup which looked simply enormous when she held them at arm’s length but seemed just right when she tried them on. That gave her a little laugh as she now had to admit that if she filled out a simply enormous bra, she must therefore have simply enormous breasts. Alone in the lingerie store change room, Laura hugged her soft round boobs against her chest and felt them rise up towards her chin like inflating balloons. The heavy bounce when she let them go almost made her lose her balance and reminded the smiling girl that they were very real, and all hers. The following Monday, Laura wore one of her new black bras into work and made sure it was very obvious and visible behind a new semi-sheer white blouse, which she judged was just barely fit for the office. She decided to test her theory by going to Human Resources and asking them where Tom was as she hadn’t seen him since before she’d become a secretary. The six men who leapt from their chairs to greet her all loudly talked over the top of each other and politely explained to her breasts that Tom from IT had been called away to sort out some problems in the Boston office and they weren’t expecting him back for at least another three weeks. Laura thanked them and made her way to the door before looking back over her shoulder.

“Too bad fellas,” she smiled at their rapt expressions. “I would have given a kiss to anyone who knew the color of my eyes, but you were all busy with other things.” Laura bounced lightly on the balls of her feet sending interesting waves of motion through her chest before she ducked out of sight. Shocked at herself, Laura almost ran back to the secretarial pool but her breasts threatened to pop out of her bra so she was forced to slow down. She could hardly believe she’d just flirted so openly with six gawking men she didn’t even know. There was no way she’d have been able to do that before, she’d never have had the confidence. Then again, she wouldn’t have had the assets to make it work either. Still, she couldn’t keep the smile off her face and almost laughed as she deliberately put a little extra bounce into her stride all the way back to her workstation. The other secretaries nearly had a heart attack when she walked in, but having begun a policy of pretending Laura didn’t exist, they could hardly comment now or they would lose face. She fully expected that most of the warmth in her breasts would recede at that point, but to her surprise she felt it nearly triple. This puzzled Laura, as there were still only two women in the room who could even come close to her magnificent bust and even then it was fairly obvious who was the larger. By Wednesday, though, she thought she’d figured it out. As her legs, hips, waist and rear had come to surpass those of anyone else in the room, Laura felt the heat shift to other areas. As her stylist had said, every woman’s hair was special in some way and Laura felt a lot of the warmth redirected to her scalp. She overheard the other women talking and realised they were now focusing on other attributes like thickness, shine, texture and her personal favourite, the height of desperate superiority based on no evidence at all: some of them had decided that their hair surely grew faster than hers. Since Laura’s stunning locks had grown from her ears to her waist in about four days, she seriously doubted that. What did surprise her was that they felt the same way about their breasts. It was painfully obvious that Laura’s proud rack, which now stretched her once loose blouses to their limits, was easily the largest. Nevertheless, the other secretaries had decided amongst themselves that size wasn’t the be all and end all and had suddenly become very proud of the firmness, rounded shape or perkiness of their own assets. Laura now knew why she hadn’t been getting any bigger despite the strong warmth in her chest and by the end of the week she barely needed a bra at all. Despite their immense size, her heavy orbs stood almost straight out from her chest. Their great weight did show itself in a slight teardrop shape, which she decided was rather attractive, and served to prove that they were indeed completely natural. Well, Laura amended silently, maybe a little supernatural, but definitely not unnatural. The changes to her hair were also evident by the second Friday. Since she wore it up a lot of the time, it had been hard for the other women to tell how long it was and especially those with curly hair had been convinced they still had her beaten in terms of overall length. As a result, and perhaps combined with those who’d been donating the speed of their growth, Laura’s hair was now an extra six inches longer and flowed in a silken waterfall down to fully cover her perfectly-formed rear. Apparently, though, many of her co-workers had decided they must have more volume than her and as there were more than fifty women in the room all day every day, they had made a significant impact. When she pulled the chopsticks out of her now much larger up-do on Friday night, her hair fell down her back and rolled over her shoulders, covering her entire upper body in a cloak of shimmering tresses. Laura’s chestnut mane was now so thick it took almost a minute for the entire mass to spill over her outstretched hand. She’d seen the trick on a shampoo commercial once and envied the girl on TV so much she'd had to try it herself. Now her own hair had far more body than that of the model and she nearly jumped for joy as she realised she now had the long beautiful locks she’d dreamed of. As she lay back in bed after a long week, Laura felt the soft caress of her hair against her bare skin and drifted off to sleep with a smile on her face.

When she came back in on Monday morning, Laura wasn’t sure what would happen from now on. She was so obviously superior in just about every way to any of the other secretaries that she couldn’t believe they didn’t just admit it. If they did, the spell would stop, the warmth would fade and they’d stop losing their precious attributes. It saddened the now stunning girl that they hated her so much that they just couldn’t let it go. She realised that they’d gotten to the point that it didn’t matter what she actually looked like, the features they were focused on now were so difficult, if not impossible to tell who was better, that she feared it might never end. As she moved towards the elevator in the lobby of the building, Laura stopped when she heard her name called.

“Miss Adams? Miss Laura Adams?” She turned to see Sally, the blonde receptionist beckoning to her from her behind her desk. Laura walked over to see what she wanted. “Good, it is you. You’ve changed a lot since your employee photo was taken.” The receptionist smiled at her a bit uncertainly. “Um, you are Laura Adams, right?” Laura nodded without saying anything. “Great, sorry it’s just that you’ve *really* changed. Anyway, never mind that. Actually you won’t need to go back to the secretarial division for more than a moment today. You’ve got a different assignment from the higher-ups.”

“What do you mean?” Laura was confused.

“Just go to Human Resources and they’ll explain everything. Don’t worry, you’ll have a minute to pick up your things from your desk.” Laura looked worried at that. “Oh God, no, you’re not being fired, maybe I should have said it a different way. Sorry.” Sally corrected her mistake. Laura nodded again, still mystified by the strange message. Regardless, she headed for the lift again and punched the ninth floor for the HR office. When the lift doors opened Laura suddenly remembered the last time she’d been here. She’d teased the HR reps mercilessly because they’d been staring at her breasts. She didn’t think she could face them again after that, but before she could run away she was spotted.

“Miss Adams, I’m glad you’re here. And might I say you have the most gorgeous hazel eyes.” He grinned at her and raised his eyebrows cheekily. Laura forced a laugh.

“Sorry, that was a one-time offer. No kiss for you.” He smiled and took it in stride before continuing.

“I’ll take you down to your desk so you can grab your things and say goodbye to all your friends, but after that we’re heading back to the mailroom. We’ve got a group of new interns here for two weeks and the boys upstairs have decided they’d like you to look after them. Apparently the idea is that they’ll be running the mailroom under your direction which will give them a glimpse of nearly every department in the company. Since you ran the mailroom for so long they figured you’d be the perfect woman for the job. And *I‘d* say that ‘perfect’ is a word that fits you just fine.

“Down boy.” She replied absently, trying to get her bearings. She didn’t know a thing about interns or how to deal with them. But the cheeky HR guy was right, she did know all about the mailroom. Laura figured she’d just have to wing it and hope for the best.

They arrived at the secretarial pool a few minutes later and Laura was interested to note that the HR guy went straight for the button on the wall to get everyone's attention. Apparently his embarrassed colleague had spread the word so HR could maintain its dignity. It didn't quite work. Penny still got up and glowered at the intruders, demanding an explanation. Laura was surprised to see that she didn't loom quite as much as she remembered and saw that there was now only about six inches difference in their heights. Judging against the HR guy, Laura guessed Penny had shrunk to only 6 feet even, which meant that Laura herself must now be at least 5'6". She couldn't help but grin quietly to herself.

"Sorry girls, I'm going to have to take away your brightest star. Laura's our new Head of Intern Liaison." He made up a title on the spot and got a little laugh out of some of the secretaries. Laura gave them a wan smile as she moved to collect the few things she'd left at her desk. There was very little love lost between her and the other secretaries, so she didn't expect them to be sad to see her go. One thing she did notice, though, was that she lost a fair bit of the warmth she'd been feeling as she followed to HR man to her new assignment. Her best guess was that now that she was no longer one of them, the secretaries didn't feel like they had to compete with her and had let go. Actually she thought it more likely they were glad to be rid of her, but the effect was the same.

Her cheeky escort took Laura back to her old stomping ground on the third floor, but didn't lead her directly to the mailroom. Instead, he ducked into an empty meeting room and ushered her inside. When they were alone, he outlined her new task in more detail.

"I think one of my colleagues mentioned to you earlier that we'd be having a group of interns come through around about now." She nodded to confirm. "Well, they're not your normal run-of-the-mill ambitious youngsters looking for a job here in a few years time. This lot are actually the daughters of a lot of the old men up in Corporate." That didn't sound good to Laura, one word to Daddy from any of the little princesses could see her fired on the spot. "This is good and bad for you, I guess," said the HR guy. "On the one hand you've got to be careful not to make any enemies. But on the other, your only real job is to make sure they have a good time and come away with a positive view of the company and how important their fathers are. That's it, all the higher ups really want is a little peace and respect at home."

"How old are these girls anyway?" Laura wasn't sure what to make of such a strange request. Would she be teaching finger-painting or were they all in college?

"They're still at school. I think most of them are around 14 or 15. A lot of the old guys upstairs are on their second or third trophy wives so the daughters are a bit younger than you'd expect," he replied with a grin. "Don't worry about it, you'll do fine." Maybe he thought the sly wink was charming, but Laura barely noticed it.

"Alright, so I've got to show them around, make sure they have a good time, give them a sense of what we do here and make them respect their lecherous fathers, is that all?" she checked off her new responsibilities.

"And run the mailroom for 2 weeks," he added.

"But that by itself was a full time job for me. I can't do that and babysit a bunch of girls as well!"

"It's okay. Back then it was just you, right? Now you've got 25 teenage minions to do it for you. It'll be a snap!" He flashed her a grin and headed for the door. "You'll find them getting to know each other in Conference Room 5 down the hall. Toodles!" and he was gone. Laura sighed, steeling herself for the challenge. Having no experience whatsoever with kids, the only thing she could think to do was act like she was in charge. Just not even entertain the notion that things could be any other way and the girls would fall in line…she hoped.

When she walked into Conference Room 5 the first thing Laura noticed was that all talk stopped immediately. The room was totally silent and every eye was on her, which was a bit disconcerting, but it did save Laura the trouble of having to get their attention. As she looked around at her '25 teenage minions' as the HR guy had put it, Laura was shocked. She wasn't exactly sure what she'd been expecting, but it hadn't been this. For a moment she wondered if she was in the wrong place and this group was actually here to model for Marketing's next commercial; they were certainly pretty enough. Like she'd been told, there were 25 girls all aged 14 or 15 but each and every one looked worthy of the title 'hottest girl in school.' Apparently they'd all inherited their trophy wife moms' good looks and as she scanned the little crowd, Laura couldn't find anyone sporting less than a C cup; some looked more like Ds. They were all fresh-faced with lean, toned bodies, slim figures and long coltish legs. Laura knew that until a few days ago she wouldn't have had a hope of competing with these still-blossoming teens, even as a grown woman, but now they all seemed just as stunned by her appearance as she was by theirs. The young girls had dropped their conversations and turned to stare at the stunning, curvy bombshell who'd just walked in.

"Hi girls!" she began brightly. "I'm Laura and I'm going to be your supervisor while you're here at Dynamic for your internship." She saw a few nods, but most of them were still just staring. "I'm glad to see you've all found your nametags and we'll get started in a moment." Laura wished she had a clipboard or something. She needed something to do with her hands; they felt useless just hanging at her sides. She clasped them behind her back for something to do, but that only served to thrust her chest out and raise her large breasts proudly in front of her. 25 pairs of eyes followed the motion, which was a strange sight in itself, and Laura felt herself start to blush scarlet. "I just need to pick up a few things, but make yourselves at home. This room's been set aside just for us for the next two weeks so if you've brought anything with you, just leave it in here." With that, Laura opened the door behind her without looking and ducked out into the corridor. Closing it behind her, Laura leant against the solid wood to collect herself. Obviously she was going to need a plan or she'd make a fool of herself and the next two weeks would be hell if they didn't respect her. Slowly, Laura was pulled from her thoughts as she realised she could hear voices through the door.

"…my God, did you *see* her? She's totally stunning!" one girl was saying loudly.

"I know! I was here last year and we got this, like, frumpy middle-aged bitch who made us do photocopying all day and kept calling our dads 'chiefs of industry' or some crap like that." The second voice was filled with scorn. "The only good bit was when we threatened to get her fired and she took us to a day-spa on the company account."

"A spa? Cool! Do you think we could do that again?" One of the younger girls piped up.

"Are you kidding, what would your Dad do if you tried to get him to fire *her*?"

"Oh yeah, he'd probably promote her to his personal assistant so he could leer at her every day." The youngster sounded a bit sad, but in a resigned kind of way.

"Mine would probably divorce Mom overnight and marry her. He's such a lech!"

"No doubt. I mean I'm, like, the best-looking girl at my school and you guys are probably the same, right?" Laura couldn't hear anything, but she guessed they'd be nodding. "We're a pretty hot group but she makes us look like pre-teens."

"Yeah, she's like better at everything. She's older and taller and has bigger boobs. Like, *heaps* bigger."

"I wonder if she'll teach me how to get my hair looking like hers. It's so shiny!" That sounded like another of the younger ones.

"She's prettier than us and she's got gorgeous hair. We totally can't compete. If we tried to get her fired it would probably backfire." What the girl was saying was quite nasty, but the way she said it in such a disheartened tone made Laura think they were more worried about enduring two weeks of photocopying than maliciously trying to ruin her life.

"God I wish I looked like her," said one wistful voice.

"Hey, maybe you will," another replied. "You're still growing, right? We all are. Maybe someday we'll grow up even sexier than her."

"That would be great, but while we're here do you think she'd give us some tips? Like, does drinking loads of milk during puberty really give you huge boobs? Maybe I'll ask her." Laura wasn't sure what to feel now, but at least they'd decided not to get her fired. Actually, one thing she was feeling was warmth. It had been going for a minute or so at the back of her head near the base of her skull, but it was in such a strange place she didn't know what would happen. The other strange thing was that she'd just gotten through eavesdropping on a conversation in which the girls all decided they couldn't compete with Laura. If that was the case then what was she taking from them? Laura headed for the mailroom, intending to grab her clipboard and some pens and try and figure out what to do. On the way back she replayed the girls' conversation over and over in her mind and just as she reached for the doorhandle to go back into Conference Room 5 it hit her. The only thing they'd been able to come up with which they had over her was that they were still growing and might one day outshine her. So whatever she was taking from them now, it had something to do with growth. Not willing to think through the implications of that right now, Laura opened the door and tried to get the internship program off to a good start.

For two weeks she was like a mentor to the group of youngsters. She showed them how the mailroom worked, how to sort the letters and memos and where to deliver them to. At first they resisted, thinking they'd spend all week licking stamps, but she soon showed them the power of the mail cart. The mail cart gave you access to pretty much anywhere. You could go down to Research and Development and watch the scientists playing with cool robots and green goo. You could get into marketing and watch the new commercials before they came on TV. You could also go into Accounting, but there was no reason to since it was pretty boring for a teenage girl there. The first day, Laura took the cart and the entire group through a full route of the building to show them where everything was, then drew up a roster assigning two teams of three girls to handle the two mail runs each day. That way the mail got done and nobody missed too much of the actual important stuff. Laura organised presentations from some of the more interesting departments on what they were up to. She got permission to let the girls test some of the unreleased products and took a field trip to the manufacturing facility. They also served as a focus group for market research into a new electronic diary the company was thinking of developing. It didn't go ahead after they got through dismantling the idea. Basically, she made it as much fun for them as possible and answered all their questions on anything whether they were relevant to the company or not.

Also for two weeks, Laura grew like a teenage girl. Actually, she grew like 25 teenage girls all at once. She couldn't tell if she was just taking some of their growth or if she was just getting the bits that would have made them superior to her when they finished puberty, but the effect was basically the same. She went through probably about a year's worth of growth in a fortnight and she tried to choose clothes that would accommodate her changes. It wasn't enough, though. By the end of the first week, Laura didn't have a single blouse that fit and she was lucky it was Saturday because she could wear one of her stretchy casual outfits and go shopping. Her boobs had grown another cup size so she came back with a pair of new G cup bras which looked like they could have easily held a bowling ball in each cup. She also bought five new blouses which had more room in the bust and were longer in the torso since she'd shot up another two inches, making her 5'8". Thanks to the girls, Laura was going through a greatly accelerated puberty, but it wasn't a normal one, aside from the obvious. Every one of her interns was what the boys at her old high school would have called a ‘Grade A hottie’ and she remembered the envy that she and every other girl in school had felt when that type grew up with all the blessings of big boobs, long legs, tiny waists and bubble butts but none of the acne or awkwardness that they suffered. Laura found her already outrageous assets being further enhanced as her hips flared and her rear pushed out while her waist stayed as tiny as ever. Her hair was growing like crazy as well, partly thanks to the accelerated growth rate she'd taken from some of the secretaries, but also because it grew a year's worth in two weeks. By the end of the fortnight she was covered by her shimmering silken cloak right down to her knees. She'd been forced to adopt a new style since anytime she tried to put her hair up it inevitably grew some more during the day and whatever she’d done came loose. Instead, she wound about half the overall length up into a great heavy bun which sat shining like a chestnut jewel at the back of her neck, letting the rest of her tresses fall in a thick wave down her back, which was a bit more forgiving when it grew. Also by the end of the fortnight she gained another cup size in her bust and her new blouses became a bit tight as well. Laura was now 5'10", most of the extra height being in her luscious legs, which made all her skirts look fairly short now since they'd been bought for a girl who was ten inches shorter. Her already pronounced hourglass figure was an absolute knockout now and the outer swells of her enormous H cup breasts covered most of her upper arms when she stood straight on in the mirror. Still, Laura was a little sad that she was taking all of this from her group of girls, though she soon realised that individually none of them had lost more than two weeks of growth, which they would hardly miss.

Laura actually felt quite sad for the girls. On the surface they had everything, good looks, piles of money, a good education and all the benefits of a wealthy upbringing. Underneath, though, they had some serious misconceptions about the world. To them, looks were everything. The other girls at school gathered around them because they were the prettiest and had the biggest breasts. All the boys they met inevitably only wanted to get in their pants and they were stared at constantly. But they saw all that as normal. Their trophy wife mothers got everything they wanted because they were beautiful and their rich husbands who leered at them and only wanted sex married them for their looks. To these girls of privilege, all the men in their lives were lechers with one track minds and all the women were ranked and succeeded in life based solely on their appearances. Laura had always thought the saying 'beauty is a curse' was just to make invisible women like her feel better, but now she wondered if it might be true. She decided to try and fix some of the damage and hopefully these girls wouldn't grow up with the same fixation on being superior to other women that she'd found thanks to the spell. As a treat since they'd grown quite close in the time they'd been together, Laura booked a trip to an expensive day-spa for the final Friday, just like they'd wanted. This time, though, they didn't have to resort to blackmail; Laura just billed it as a 'team-building exercise.' Since it was for their daughters, she doubted the higher ups would question it. While they were all sitting in a row getting their toenails done, Laura brought up the topic of their world view.

"From listening to you for a while, I get the impression you girls think looks are pretty important," she began.

"Yeah, our Moms landed rich husbands and comfy lives because they're hot." One of the younger ones spoke up first.

"So your Moms got the easy life and other women didn't because they were better looking, right?" Laura made sure she was clear. The girls responded with a hesitant chorus of 'yeahs.' "But let me ask you something. I've got bigger boobs than you, don't I?" It was pretty obvious since with her recent growth spurt Laura's prodigious bust was twice the size of any of the teenagers'. They all nodded. "Do you think that makes me better than you then?" she asked.

"Well, no. I guess not."One of the older girls replied slowly.

"Exactly." Laura was quick to confirm. "All the things I've shown you in the last two weeks. All the things we've done. How much of it revolved around boobs?"

"Nothing, I guess." Said another girl, catching her drift. "It was all experience and training and stuff."

"Right!" Laura smiled. "How smart were those scientist guys in R&D? They managed to make that green goo dance to the music on top of that speaker, didn't they?"

"Yeah, and the Marketing people were so creative. They came up with, like, a hundred ideas in ten minutes!"

"So what I'm trying to say is that none of those people, me or women, were as good looking as you, but they were still better than you or I at other things." Laura paused to see if it was sinking in. "Looks aren't really that important. The way you judge people is in what they do with their lives. And in the same way that I'm not better than you just because my boobs are bigger, you're not better than any of the girls at school because you're bigger or prettier."

"I guess so. But what about men? The boys I've met only seem to want to grope me. And my Dad's still a lech." The blonde girl next to Laura shivered and wrapped her arms across her perky D cup chest.

"Take another look next time that happens. Chances are there'll be other boys in the background too shy to approach you." Laura remembered such scenes from her time at high school. "The ones who get an angry look when they see someone try to grope you are the only ones worth your time. They'll actually respect you. Watch one of them for a while, chances are he's a nice guy. As for your Dad, he's probably a product of his time. I'm not excusing him, but he probably doesn't mean it to be as bad as it looks. Talk to him, he might even think staring is a compliment." Sermon over, Laura lay back and close her eyes while the girls discussed what she'd told them. Hopefully they'd be a bit more open-minded from now on. They were good kids and she was sure they'd grow up to be good people.

Laura was sad to see the girls go at the end of Friday's spa trip, but they all had to get back to school since the mid-term holidays were over. She wished them all well and they hugged her goodbye. A few even said they'd miss being around her as it had felt like having an older sister. Laura was surprised and pleased since it sounded like she'd made a real impression on them. They all promised to put in a good word for her with their fathers, since that was the only thing they could think of to repay her for such a fun internship. Laura just smiled and thought of her recent growth spurt, which she considered more than enough thanks. She even wondered if there might not be some kind of residual hormonal effect since by Monday morning even the new gigantic H cup bras she'd bought only two days ago were starting to pinch in the cups. Laura wrapped her arms around her soft breasts and hugged them tightly, finding it far more difficult to contain her abundant flesh in the circle of her arms than the last time she'd tried it. The only thing that pleased her more than her big new boobs was the phone call she'd gotten last night. It was Tom! He'd called from the airport in Boston to say he was finished fixing the server problem they'd had there and would be flying home in an hour. Apparently he had the day off and started back on Tuesday, but he wanted to meet her for dinner on Monday night. Laura was stunned. He told her he'd been thinking about her a lot and wished he'd had the courage to ask her out before he left, but had missed his chance. Suddenly she remembered him saying there was something he'd been meaning to ask her for a long time and knew that must be it! He also mentioned he had some big news which he'd share with her when they met. Laura said she'd love to meet him for dinner and could hardly wait. She'd smiled quietly as she put down the phone thinking that he hadn't seen her since only the second day of her changes. Now, more than a month later, she had quite the surprise for him too!

When she entered the building on Monday morning, Laura was at a bit of a loss as to what to do. She'd finished the internship program and she wasn't a secretary anymore, so where should she go? While she stood there pondering, Laura also realised she was feeling hardly any warmth in her body, which was odd since she'd become so used to the unnatural sensation. She realised that while she'd been showing the girls around for the past two weeks, she'd been very visible to a lot of the women in the company. Apparently many of them had seen her new looks and admitted defeat. They couldn't compete with any aspect of her stunning form and the heat slowly ebbed away. From the residual traces she could still feel in her hair, legs and one or two other places, Laura knew there were a few die-hards left who refuse to give in, but the impact would be minimal. Just as before, standing in the lobby she heard her name being called.

"Miss Adams? Over here Miss Adams!" It was the cheeky fellow from HR and by the look of his broad grin he was pleased to have the job of being her escort once again. "I'm glad I caught you, you're expected up on Level 20. Come along." He took her hand, which she promptly removed from his grasp, and led her to the elevator where they listened to inane music for a few minutes before alighting on a floor Laura had never been important enough to visit before. This was where the decisions were made; where the big boys handed down arbitrary decrees from on high. This was Corporate.

"This is where you'll be working from now on." Her HR man showed her to a small, but stylish, office which served as a buffer and waiting area for the much larger and very well appointed office beyond. She marvelled at the huge glass-topped desk, big leather chair and plush carpets. "We've got a new Head of Technology flying in from Boston today where he's just finished up a bit of fire-fighting. Apparently the Board were so pleased with his work they fired the previous Head, who'd known about the problem for months and done nothing, as well as his PA, and replaced him with the hero of the hour. And lo and behold he specifically requested you to be his new Personal Assistant." He flashed her his cheeky grin and raised eyebrows again. "Looks like I've got a bit of competition for your favours now, don't I?"

"Ah, yeah…thanks." Laura mumbled absently, her mind racing. So *this* was Tom's big news! She could hardly believe it. She was so happy for him! And now this was the *second* promotion he'd gotten her. Laura had no idea how she was going to thank him. Suddenly she realised her escort was still talking.

"…have to introduce you to the others. You'll be doing a lot of work with them, scheduling and such, you understand?" Apparently he hadn't noticed her zoning out. "Now normally I'd say there weren't many women who could compete with the bosses PAs, but I'm sure you'll fit right in. Just follow me, I think they usually hold a meeting to co-ordinate on a Monday morning." He led her round a few corners to a large conference room, knocked on the door and entered. Laura followed him in, but barely heard him introducing her and explaining the situation. Inside the room, seated around a large mahogany boardroom table were around twenty of the most stunningly gorgeous women Laura had ever laid eyes on. Apparently the bigwigs in Corporate didn't choose their assistants for their scheduling skills alone. Every one of them had looks and a figure that rivalled Laura's own. She still had the largest breasts, though not by much, but she thought many of them may have surpassed her in any number of other ways. As she looked around the room, Laura felt the familiar, surprisingly powerful, sensation of heat wash over her and seep into her body. Looking down at herself she smiled and thought.

*Well, I guess my surprise for Tom could always use a bit of improvement!*